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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The extreme simplicity of the land-tax valuation grows clearer and clearer. No wonder the Inland Revenue Commissioners are beset with applications from all sorts of people who wish to be taken on as temporary assistant-surveyors. A correspondent of the "Times", among many others, applied for the work. He told the Commissioners that he had much practical experience in valuing town and country properties, whereupon Somerset House sent him to the superintendent valuer in a London district. He answered a few questions *viva voce*, and, getting through that ordeal all right, was given a written paper to deal with.

The simplest of all questions were asked on this paper: for example—(i) A is the freeholder of (i) a house and shop, unexpired term thirty years, ground rent £100; (ii) ten suburban houses held for twenty years at a ground rent of £80; (iii) twenty weekly houses let to weekly tenants at 15s. each. Note—(i) now let on repairing lease for twenty-one years at £400 a year; whilst (ii) the houses are let at £60 a year each, the landlord doing the repairs and the tenant paying the taxes. What is the value of the freeholder's interest in the above? Here is another question from the exam. paper: "State value of a perfectly square building estate of 2½ acres at the junction of two parish roads, but with no means of access to any other road [a plan was inserted showing one of the road frontages 330 feet as A, and the other as B]. A is suitable for shops of £50 value on lease; B for houses of £45 a year, and the back-land for houses of £35 annual value. No buildings are at present on the land, which is freehold, tithe free and free of land tax. The site is fairly level and ripe for immediate development."

The candidate did his best with this paper, but ventured to suggest to the examiners that he would

like to know roughly where the properties lay. Practical valuers, indeed, do like to know where the property is they are asked to value. But that is not the Government's way: their notion seems to be to value in theory and to fleece in practice. So the candidate was plainly told he must answer the questions as they stood. Never mind whether the property is in the Outer Hebrides or on Ludgate Hill! The examiner pointed out to him—very truly no doubt—that they would never get through the work save by simply valuing properties as they stood—on paper. The applicant has not had any news from Somerset House—and he is not likely to. He may take it he is ploughed in this examination. It is never a wise thing to argue with the examiners, especially about a thing on which they may themselves have somewhat vague notions.

We may guess then what will happen by and by when or if a large number of properties remain unvalued and the Government have to do the work themselves. They will dispense largely with valuations on the spot: local peculiarities must take care of themselves. All that is needful for this Doomsday is a chair, table and pigeon-hole before one in Somerset House and an aptitude for doing sums. We have heard of armchair critics, armchair soldiers—now is the time of the armchair valuer.

Besides dwelling on the crystal-clear simplicity of Form Four, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and other officials have laughed away the absurd idea that anyone is really going to be fined or imprisoned for not supplying information within thirty days. We were led to believe lately that, after all, that fierce threat of £50 fine was mere "kid", only meant to bring property-owners up to the scratch. Well, it may be so: the Chancellor of the Exchequer may know as well as anyone how to "kid". Yet there still seems to be some confusion of thought or plan in the matter of the fine, for even since Mr. Lloyd George made his assuaging speech before the Land Tax "Convention"—from which all those who are to pay the tax were religiously shut out—Lord Onslow has been threatened. He has had another form—Form Eleven—served on him, wherein he is reminded that "any person who fails to make the prescribed returns is liable to a penalty

not exceeding £50". Form Eleven, however, is more considerate in its language than Form Four, for the Inland Revenue state in it that "This reminder is issued as a matter of courtesy". There is something delightful in the idea of reminding a man, for courtesy's sake, that he is liable to a fine of £50.

It is said Doomsday will take years to complete. But what we are curious to know is not when the valuation will end in England; we want to know when the fun is going to begin in Ireland. It seems that at the General Valuation Office in Dublin all the staff is busy with the preliminaries. An immense amount of information is duly pigeon-holed there: they have a record for every holding in Ireland. Then why doesn't the Government push on the business instantly? Why are not the Irish peasants, literate and illiterate alike, and the Irish farmers and the little Irish tradesmen supplied with the form and the threat of fine and imprisonment? Why should Ireland wait for Form Four?

Our suspicions may be very base, yet somehow we cannot help suspecting that the Government's fear of Mr. Redmond or that Mr. Redmond's fear of Mr. O'Brien has to do with this strange delay in putting to the Irish people these very harmless and simple questions as to the value of their properties. Yes, we believe that when the Irishman gets hold of Form Four there may be a tremendous outcry. Imagine the double-distilled essence of vitriol which Mr. Healy will be able to pour on the troubled waters of Irish feeling when the Irish people get the form!

The press has done its public duty admirably in printing the host of letters about Form Four and the land tax. We hope the protest will be kept up for a long time yet. Let the Irish peasants and small farmers make no mistake—if they submit tamely to these odious taxes, they will by and by be served to a certainty with another kind of Form Four which will compel them to give an account of their pigs and potatoes. The plan, steadily maturing, and irresistible if not thwarted now, is to pry into every man's possessions, small and great alike. Of old an Englishman's cottage was his castle: to-day the idea is to make an Englishman's cottage the tax-collector's castle.

This public prying into a man's private affairs is the most odious feature of the whole thing. The Government declare they are going to hold agricultural land for ever sacred, are never going to tax it as they tax the other land, and yet they compel the owners, little and great, to render an account: the village blacksmith or the owner of the village shop of all wares is to be furnished with an exact account of what his neighbours are worth, so that he may go and blab it all round. Of course it will not stop at land. Every petty official in the gossipy village and small towns will, by some later "People's Budget", have to be given an exact account of the value of our indoor as well as outdoor possessions, our books, pictures, chairs and tables, and—if they have any left by that time—our wives' trinkets. Has the public really awakened to the fact that the Government policy—though certain members of the Government close their eyes to it—is not only to take away a man's property but to take away his privacy too?

Where are we to look for the next strike or the next lock-out? The trouble shifts from North to North-East, and again to West, apparently from mere caprice. On Monday 12,000 men came out in South Wales. On Tuesday they were back again; and we were considering the threat of the Master Cotton Spinners to lock-out 150,000 men from the Lancashire cotton mills. On Wednesday it was the Boilermakers again. The trouble rises abruptly, and falls unaccountably; but it is the same tale everywhere. Trade Union discipline is in wreck. Caprice is only on the surface. A big strike is not declared simply because a single employé is transferred from one yard to another, or set upon work other than that to which he is bound.

Meantime the Trade Union Congress has potted to a close. It has done nothing whatever to deal with the industrial problems with which Trade-Unionism is squarely faced. Having made up its mind upon the Osborne judgment, the Congress could well have spared a day upon a vastly more important matter—the question whether Trade Unions are capable of making and keeping a bargain on behalf of their members. Talk at the Congress has either been altogether in the air, or it has quietly assumed that the chief function of a Trade Union is political agitation. Either it was big talk, or it was trivial, or it was both—talk that tried to be reminiscent of Magna Carta, or talk about the disabilities of postmen. Valuable time was spent by the Congress last Saturday in proclaiming that a man should be tried by his peers, and in settling the rights of a squabble between Mr. Tillett and Mr. Shackleton.

But no one at the Congress slipped quite so badly as did Mr. Sidney Webb in his speech to the Railway Servants. It was not difficult to read into the speech the insinuation that the House of Lords gave their judgment in the Osborne case from motives of private and political interest. "It was very unfortunate for the credit of the House of Lords that it was only when Trade Unions took to supporting bodies not in favour of the House of Lords that objection was taken to running their candidates." Mr. Sidney Webb might almost be above this sort of thing. It is the common truck of the Trade Union Congress orator, but the Congress orator actually believes it. Mr. Sidney Webb confuses the House of Lords sitting as an expert judicial body with the House of Lords that rejected the Budget! There are, he assures us, many men in the House of Lords who are not "competent to run a dust-heap"!

Mr. Webb has also made a brilliant suggestion to the Prime Minister. Why should the Prime Minister trouble about legislation as to the payment of members and election expenses? None is required. It could be done quickly and easily by a mere vote of Supply. An extra line in the Finance Bill not yet passed, and democracy will come to its own. Fletcher of Saltoun's saying takes a fresh turn to-day: "Give me the making of a people's Budgets and anyone may make its laws".

Mr. Keir Hardie is still abroad. He talked again, this week, to the German Socialists, and with the help of Herr Ledebour, who put him into German, he instructed them as to English politics. Mr. Keir Hardie has come to be sanguine since he left his work in England. The British Navy is to be gradually reduced till at last it will vanish altogether. The time is at hand when "you will see the leaders of the Trade Unions sitting in prison". Then would come the revolution—red ruin and the breaking-up of laws. Ineffable Mr. Keir Hardie!

Herr von Bethmann Hollweg has been forced to come into the open. The official forecast of his election campaign is almost academic in its disdain of platform cries. The Government, from its lofty position above all factions, proposes to invite the productive elements in German life to rally to the defence of German society as at present constituted. The Opposition newspapers, who are beginning to learn their business, put the matter in a less dignified way. What Herr von Bethmann Hollweg means, they explain truly enough, is that, as the next election is not likely to give him an absolute majority of Clericals and Conservatives, he wishes to rope in the National Liberals as well. The plan will probably succeed. Already there is talk of an arrangement between the Hansa Bund and the Agrarians. But Herr Dernburg, who is by no means a spent force in politics, has consented to stand as a Radical, thus joining the Constitutional Opposition.

The official plan of campaign was made known on the eve of the annual Social-Democratic Congress. Its effect was immensely to strengthen the hands of the uncompromising disciples of Marx. Was it a time, they

asked, to palter with parliamentary methods when the Imperial Chancellor himself had thus proclaimed the success already achieved by purely revolutionary agitation? The Revisionists could not recover from the sudden blow, and Herr Bebel's glowing rhetoric swept the Congress clean away. The revolutionary party has accepted the Government's challenge and has censured the Socialists of Baden for helping to carry a "bourgeois" Budget. But it may be doubted whether the censure will mean very much. In the Reichstag the party will remain intransigent; but in the Southern Landtags the Socialists will act as they think fit and will probably continue to support legislation which they approve. Their case is really perfectly sound. If the revolutionaries will have no dealings with a bourgeois State they have no business to be sending representatives to a Reichstag created by a bourgeois Constitution.

Five weeks after the destruction of the British portion of the Brussels Exhibition the new British Section was opened by King Albert. It cannot be said that the new has risen on the ashes of the old, because the place is not the same. Time was not wasted in the clearing-up of debris; but it is no mean achievement to have got together within a month of the disaster a fresh and reasonably representative section. It has only been done by the ready co-operation of everyone concerned—from the exhibitors who lost so heavily by the fire to the administration of the Exhibition, the shipping and railway companies, and the Exhibitions Branch of the Board of Trade. Belgium is grateful and British enterprise has got an advertisement, costly but effective.

The French Government has shown good sense in forbidding the meeting of the Egyptian Nationalists in Paris. No doubt they will be abused for this by M. Jaurès and his friends, but M. Briand had already incurred their hostility on other grounds. But it is not merely because the Nationalists would have attacked England that the meeting is forbidden. France is herself a great Mohammedan Power. She is engaged in a dispute with Turkey at this moment about the status of her Algerian and Tunisian subjects over whom the Porte claims suzerainty. It would have been extremely inconvenient to have had Paris made the scene of a pan-Islamic campaign for the whole of North Africa, as would undoubtedly have been the case had Young Egypt been permitted to have its fling there. All the same we have reason to be grateful. It would have looked like scurvy treatment if a move checkmating French precautions had been engineered from here by any group of financiers.

There has been another accident on the Western State Railway. Really it is time the French Government was doing better than this. By letting the old company know well in advance that it would take over the railway some day the Government prepared a bad bargain for itself. Everything fell into disrepair, and most of the material should have been scrapped at once. The Government has kept old engines on the move, and often they have to be repaired en voyage. Moreover, without adding to the permanent way, it asks of it impossible things. The old company made do with a single line in places; but ran only one or two expresses a day. The Government immediately put on ten—no one of which can be depended on.

Every item of news from the Near East justifies the suspicions of those who declined to accept the original professions of the Young Turks at their face value. The latest alarm is due to the alleged conclusion of a military convention between Turkey and Roumania. There is nothing improbable in this rumour, though as yet we have no official confirmation. The principal element of doubt arises from the certainty that Roumania will not wantonly annoy Russia, and it certainly is not playing the Slav game to strengthen Turkey against Bulgaria. In that country at the present time

feeling is being aroused against Turkey owing to the great harshness with which the "pacification" of Macedonia is being prosecuted.

The evidence available from all quarters proves only too clearly that the new Turkey will give a good deal more trouble than the old. The aim of all Turkish Governments is the same, to obtain as much money as possible, and then to spend it on armaments. Possibly less may go in corruption than formerly, and therefore more will be available for armaments. Every day adds to the efficiency of the Ottoman forces and therefore to the danger of war. The provocation being continually offered to Greece is bullying of the worst kind, but Greece is so weak that she will do anything rather than fight. It is obvious German policy to keep Roumania neutral and if possible to draw her with Turkey into the orbit of the Triple Alliance. This can be done while Russia is weak, and it destroys her policy of a Balkan Confederation.

It is not quite easy to see why Roumania should play the Turkish game without some considerable quid pro quo, though she may look with suspicion on the ambitions of "Tsar" Ferdinand and may be glad to hamper them. As to Young Turkey's love for the "Liberal Powers" we always knew it was strictly conditioned by the possibility of obtaining money. The City has been reluctant throughout and now France demands guarantees. Not unnaturally she objects to French money being spent in Germany to pay for armaments which will be used against her policy and her ally. Of course the story about Sir Ernest Cassel financing the loan was false. Finance and politics in the Near East are so closely combined that Turkish policy will be swayed by loans and the probability of obtaining them. This was so under Abdul Hamid, and what we have in Turkey now is Abdul-Hamidism active instead of passive.

Will Mr. Botha retain the Premiership? That is the question which has arisen in South Africa as the direct result of his own and other ministerial defeats in the elections. Everything depends on Mr. Merriman. If he would consent to take the Treasury under General Botha some arrangement might be patched up; but Mr. Merriman wants to be boss or nothing. The change in the situation is the more remarkable because Mr. Botha announced definitely a few days ago that he would find a seat and was prepared to carry on the Government for five years. The prospect of his supersession by Mr. Merriman is regarded with something like dismay. As between Mr. Botha and Mr. Merriman there can be no choice if there is to be any approach to confidence. Dr. Jameson has been beaten, but only after some notable Unionist wins, with Mr. Botha, Mr. Hull and Mr. Moor as the chief victims, and now it is clear that he will command the only solid party in the Chamber.

From the accounts of the military manœuvres on Salisbury Plain the War Office has not yet heard of what aeroplanes can do in war. But we are not really still in the days of the Druids, though the manœuvres are on Salisbury Plain. Admiration for the equipment of the British Army in Boadicea's days is well enough for antiquaries, but it is a dangerous indulgence for the War Office. It is quite as stupid as constructing semaphores after the telegraph came in. There were only two aeroplanes at the manœuvres and they were not in the plan of operations; the airmen were ignored. The French had a regularly organised and directed fleet at their manœuvres, and they did brilliant work. The Germans see at once that the aeroplane is to be the "new arm". They learn from the enemy. We get a lesson from both; but we look like being very slow to learn from either.

That Archbishop Maclagan was a soldier added a touch of romance to his career. As an ecclesiastic he was exemplary, orthodox and devout, and the mitis

sapientia of his later years became his office not more than his venerable and dignified appearance. As Vicar of Kensington he understood the difficult art of ministering to the neglected rich, and at Lichfield and York he succeeded in making himself personally known to every parish in those vast dioceses. Towards the erection of Sheffield into an independent see he offered to surrender £2000 of income. He revived the real Diocesan Synod, in which the bishop meets the totus clerus of his diocese, and it was a touch of conservatism that the formal proceedings were conducted—as they still are in the Convocations—in Latin.

No episcopal nightmare of being preached to death by wild curates would be possible if all Diocesans followed Maclagan's plan of only licensing the younger priests and deacons to preach their own sermons once a month. The Archbishop was a good deal influenced in early days by the Tractarian movement, and probably considered himself a High Churchman to the end. But the view that the Church of England is bound to be "national" at all costs to her Catholic character seems to have grown upon him, and eagerness to propitiate Dissent became rather a weakness. As "Primate of England" the consecration and crowning of Queen Alexandra was committed to Archbishop Maclagan, but it is a pure mistake to suppose that any such right is inherent in the office of the northern Archbishop. The sacring of the Sovereign and his Consort both pertain to the see of Canterbury.

The appointment of Mr. Eldon Bankes K.C. to succeed Mr. Justice Walton as one of the judges of the High Court is excellent in every way. Mr. Eldon Bankes is distinguished as an advocate and lawyer and for high character and fine manners. Such an appointment could not have been criticised if Mr. Eldon Bankes had been a Liberal politician; but he is a Conservative. It may be criticised though by the Liberal lawyers who have been passed over. And they have had much to endure. Of the four judges that have been appointed in about as many months only one can be set down to politics; and that is the glaring exception of Mr. Horridge K.C. The new judge is also interesting as the great-grandson of Lord Eldon, the typical Tory; and his maternal grandfather was Sir John Jervis, a Chief Justice of the Common Pleas—an office now unknown in the Courts—who wrote about Coroners. The procession to the Courts with its three brand-new judges will be quite notable this October.

Horrors from Bow Street are more horrid this week than ever. The loathsome details that have gone forth during the last fortnight surpass anything we can remember. It has come to the pass when the public should somehow be protected against its craving for this kind of thing. What the public wants it will have, so long as it can get it. In a case of the kind just ended at Bow Street the press should somehow be kept under control. As things are, there must be a censor in every household. We have seen issues of various papers during the last week that could hardly be left about indiscriminately. Perhaps it would be better to keep the public from these trials altogether. It is of course an excellent tradition that justice should be administered openly. But publicity may be bought too dear.

S. George has had another affair with the dragon. The Master of Elibank and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the daily papers announce, were walking near Cricketh on Sunday when they found across their path an adder which opened its mouth at them. Mr. Lloyd George broke his stick over the adder whilst the Chief Whip looked on, and later they carried it home to be preserved in spirits. This is not the first feat of the sort that has been attributed to Mr. George—he seems, indeed, to be quite the Brusher Mills of his own district. Only was it really a viper? One or two of the versions lead one to suspect that Mr. George, after all, only did battle with a blind worm or a grass snake.

TO BREAK UP THE COUNTRY.

UNLESS Mr. Lloyd George was maligned by admiring gossips, he boasted, during the hubbub over his first Budget, that in a few years the old county families would be broken up. Whatever may have been his purpose—a question that lies between his conscience and his caucus—the certain result of his land-taxation policy, carried only a little further than he has yet proposed, would be to drive most of the squires away from their estates. The process was given a disastrously effective impetus in 1894 by the Harcourt Budget. The inheritance charges, excused as a sort of deferred super-tax, might not have been quite insupportable if they had been imposed during a period of diffused prosperity. Coinciding with one of agricultural depression, they did in most parts of Great Britain verify the gloomiest of the forecasts uttered in Parliament by responsible politicians. That the plaints were in all quarters free from exaggeration we would not suggest. Not to every victim is it given to adjust the squeal nicely to the bite. Broadly, however, the mischiefs which the critics discerned in the "Great Democratic Budget" were in due course made manifest. Nor has any excuse worth attention been put forward on behalf of the Unionists of that day for not immediately repudiating a vicious system of taxation. They wanted the money, but so do we all want money always. Again, this money was easily raised, but cutting away chunks of capital is not finance—which consists in getting revenue from income—but sheer waste and destruction. Sixteen years ago, though Tariff Reform was politically not a possibility, there would have been no great difficulty in providing for national expenditure without increasing the burdens of a struggling industry. At that time, however, the Unionist party was largely dominated by men anxious to show their independence of Conservative traditions. Frankly, it was afraid of standing up for the old county families.

They stood up for themselves—that is to say, they shouldered the load rather than imperil the main Unionist cause. With stoical courage, the squires, the men who previously had not found it easy to keep up their social position in the countryside and do their duty by their humble neighbours, set themselves to domestic retrenchment. The wife's landau and light brougham were put down, the hunters sold, the shooting let to a syndicate of stockbrokers. By common consent most local hospitalities were allowed to die out. Lads naturally destined for the Army were packed off to cram for second-rate Civil Service appointments, and the girls, as a rest from housework, invited to study the art of dressing like a lady on twenty pounds a year. The list of subscriptions (the library included) had to be revised and personal charities withheld from old servants and dependants.

These economies, sacrifices, and privations may be derided by genteel Fabians and platform Friends of Humanity who never sat a horse, helped a neighbour, or spoke to a lady.

But what the curtailment of the squire's income meant was that the great house, hitherto the centre of social amusement, the headquarters of gratuitous nursing and doctoring, the training-home for servants and the general source of bounty and comfort, had to be run on more self-regarding lines. Everything began to be pinched, from the wages on the estate to the outlay on church decorations. The dulness of village life, on which the Speaker made some suggestive remarks last Tuesday in Cumberland, has been sensibly increased by the shutting-up of the Hall. The whole organisation of social gaiety has been thrown back on the parson, himself perhaps impoverished or overworked.

How conscientiously the landlords as a class have interpreted their traditional obligations towards their neighbours may be seen from a fact not so generally known as it should be. In most parts of the country the farmers for some time past have been doing pretty well, thanks chiefly to a considerable rise in the price of corn. Hitherto the whole advantage, almost undeniably, has gone into the tenant's pocket, though,

in fairness, the owner, who in bad times agreed to extensive reductions of rent—fifty and often sixty per cent.—if he did not volunteer them, might ask for some percentage on the returning prosperity. It would be no good telling this to your average Cockney agrarian. If he did not meet you with a flat contradiction he would say that the landlords have more money than they pretend, and behave generously to the farmer only because they will want him at voting-time. Certainly they will get the farmer's vote, for the party which came into office with loud professions of affection for tenant and labourer has managed to alienate them both—witness the last General Election. For the last four years an incessant war of petty operations has been waged by this Cabinet. No sooner was the Lord Chancellor sworn in than he was importuned to pack the county benches with local aspirants after social rank. To ease this task for him, a Bill was passed for removing the property qualification of Justices of the Peace. There was Lord Loreburn's opportunity for elevating ambitious Radicals to a place where they might rub shoulders with the county gentlemen. The plot has not succeeded according to expectation, since the Lord Chancellor, all honour to him, among other less noble prejudices, entertains the strongest objection to jobbery. Nor does he consider it excused because it helps a Liberal M.P. to pay electioneering debts without expense to himself. The uncontrolled and unconcealed desire of second-rate persons to get on the bench in counties is no mean testimony to the good sense and public spirit which the justices as a body have shown in discharging their duties. Now and then we hear of a foolish decision or a sentence that sounds harsh—especially when the circumstances of the case are unknown—but the complaints and criticisms of work done by the professional magistrates in stipendiary courts are not less frequent or severe. The Great Unpaid, as they used to be called, will compare quite favourably with the learned legal gentlemen who draw comfortable salaries from the public, while Quarter Sessions is, by general consent, an admirable court.

On the administrative side of county life it was not pretended, when the Conservatives carried their famous Local Government Act, that the work would be more cheaply or efficiently carried on by the elective authority than by the county gentlemen. That the standard has not fallen (concurrently with the rise in expense) is due to the fact that in most counties the element to be superseded was retained. Guidance, if not decision, has in practice been left to the hard-working local men of affairs. The general influence of the squires in the county councils explains the dead-set made by the Radicals against those bodies. In almost every Bill introduced under the Bannerman-Asquith régime an attempt has been made to oust the local authority and in its place bring in a London bureau. What, so far, has been the result of this sustained viciousness? It seems to have roused the county families to a sort of unconsciously combined effort of self-preservation. It was shown last January, when they reasserted their influence amongst their neighbours and won a long series of victories for Unionism. The revolt of the counties against Radical rule was partly due to disgust at the proved incompetence of its carpet-bag representatives. But largely and, we believe, chiefly, it was brought about by a conviction that the best friends of a neighbourhood are the families that live in it. The villager's natural distrust of all strangers was accentuated by his particular experience of Cockney agitators.

Amongst the possibilities of a not remote future we may perhaps look forward to a great revival, on the lines dreamed of by Disraeli and Lord John Manners, of a Country Party, animated with the lofty ideals of a generous Imperialism planted upon the not yet obsolete faith of Young England. Wanted a leader, it may be said. Perhaps he may be forthcoming long before the party of Pettifoggers have accomplished their design. They are unconsciously doing what lies in them, by concentrating their spite upon a single class, to drive it into organised activity. Lord Curzon last week dwelt with eloquence on the illustrious record of our great

families. In every struggle for national liberty the lead has been claimed, almost as of right, by sons of noble or ancient houses. Yet, for all their pride of blood, the English aristocracy, Whig and Tory alike, has proved its political capacity by readiness first to co-operate with the *novi homines* of the day, and afterwards to absorb them into its organism. The latest and most splendid example was afforded by its adoption of Disraeli. Another example, less complete though hardly less conspicuous, naturally suggests itself. In this country aristocracy moves with the times. Never has it been stagnant or reactionary or socially exclusive. Nothing can be more remote from fact than the Radicals' fancy picture of the backwoodsman peer. In nine cases out of ten if these stern, unbending equalitarians should scrape acquaintance with one of these purblind village tyrants, they would be surprised to discover an open-minded, well-informed, pleasant gentleman who could talk to them on equal terms about the latest movements in art, letters and public affairs. There are black sheep in the peerage and landed gentry, there are dunces and wastrels, but not in greater proportion than (let us say) amongst Radical and Socialist members of Parliament. Taken as a class, they are trained men of affairs, since they have been compelled by their position to go through a mass of business, their own and their neighbours'. Also they are apt to be men of the world, since they have been enabled to travel, have leisure to think, and read, and talk, and, almost perforce, mix with all sorts and conditions of people. The average country gentleman, on a large or moderate scale, has, by no merit of his own, received a truly liberal education, and that is why he is generally more fit to be trusted in public affairs either than the abstract student of politics, however brilliant, or than the successful lawyer or merchant who necessarily has spent the best part of his self-formative years in some single groove. The squire is not born into the world with a double dose of public virtue, but the personal advantages which he has enjoyed almost from his birth have made him something of a national asset. There is no rule, professors of eugenics will tell you, for breeding a genius, but for turning out a steady strain of competent, industrious, and honest men of affairs there can be no better combination of conditions than those which have gone to the making of the old-fashioned English country gentleman, old-fashioned but not obsolete, and capable, if attacked, of giving a very good account of himself and his adversaries.

RATING THE TABERNACLE.

THREE or four months ago a considerable body of Nonconformists published what they called a Puritan Manifesto. Among other things the manifesto asked with fervour—almost with passion—for a clean pulpit. The point of this startling demand lay in the misuse of the Nonconformist pulpit by the majority of Nonconformist divines to preach Socialist and Radical politics under cover of preaching godliness. The document pointed especially to the notorious tabernacle of Whitefield, which for years has been more of a political club than a place of worship. A very pertinent question was asked—not for the first time. A public building used for political purposes should be rated like any other public building. But Whitefield's Tabernacle—pleading religion—has never paid a half-penny. It is common knowledge that the tabernacle is in time of war virtually a Radical committee-room; that its spiritual activities are meagre and little more than a blind; and that its meetings waver in tone between Hyde Park and the ordinary platform of the electioneer. Why, then, should it escape? The Nonconformists who put this question were Nonconformists of the better sort, more interested in the spiritual welfare of the sects than in the fortunes of the present Radical Government. Some were loyal men who honoured the King, and resented republicanism preached at them from the pulpit. These men had already noted the falling-off in the membership of chapeldom, and

found the reason of this backsliding in the political activity of their divines. Hence the demand for a clean pulpit. In putting their case they came through a storm of insult. For their loyalty they were held up to common scorn as flunkeys and the foes of righteousness. Some were banned for holding political opinions of a different complexion from those of the majority; and some were execrated for holding on principle that a pulpit is other than a public platform. But, in the teeth of all this, the protest was made; and, since the time it was made, Whitefield's Tabernacle has been a strategic point in the campaign.

On Wednesday night the fiercest battle of them all was fought at a meeting of the S. Pancras Borough Council. A deputation of ratepayers waited upon the Council to know why the tabernacle continued to be exempt from rates. Being a political club from which profit was being made, its privileged position was matter of grievance to every ratepayer in the borough. Moreover, some ratepayers did not like Mr. George's Budgets; they distrusted Socialism; and did not wish either to abolish the Lords or to disestablish the Church. But, whatever their opinions, they must pay the rates which the tabernacle refused to pay. When the tabernacle refused its forty shekels, the poor man, who goes to prison in his thousands because he cannot pay the rates himself, had somehow to make that forty shekels good. The Council, after a lively debate as to whether they ought for righteousness' sake to be rude to the deputation, decided that they must listen to what it had to say. Some interesting facts came to light. At one time the tabernacle was let for electioneering purposes, and five pounds was paid by the candidate into the tabernacle chest. According to the receipt, this five pounds was paid on account of "lighting and service". Lighting and service could not account for one-fifth of the sum. But it would not do to let the Amalekite into the secret that Whitefield's Tabernacle—a place of worship—was let at a profit of four pounds odd for political purposes. This was clearly an occasion for a little dust in the eyes of the ungodly. We know also that on one occasion a Guards' band played at the tabernacle, and that there were early doors to which the people were admitted by purchase of a six-penny programme. You did not have to pay to go in. But you bought a programme and went in free. The deputation, which raised these little points in course of establishing its main position, was moderate and fair in its language. Whitefield's Tabernacle was run on business lines and used for political purposes. Let it therefore be rated like any other public hall. As soon as it gave itself once more wholly to divine worship let the rates be removed. That was reasonable enough.

The question for the moment was successfully shelved. It must go to the rating committee. Meanwhile the Rev. C. Silvester Horne M.P. has told his enemies what he thinks of them. Whitefield's Tabernacle is the one purifying influence in S. Pancras—a district grossly and infamously wicked. In purifying S. Pancras Mr. Horne has made many enemies, he tells us. All those interested in the dens of infamy and shame he has shut up wish, of course, to see him iniquitously rated. People who want to rate the tabernacle may call themselves Moderates, or Tariff Reformers, or Non-conformist Anti-Socialists; but really they are all tarred alike. They are all fighting for the liquor trade, and "interested in the prosperity of vice". The enemies of Mr. Horne are the enemies of righteousness. Meanwhile we note that Whitefield's Tabernacle—the "one enemy of drink" in S. Pancras—has not even a Band of Hope. A chapel without a Band of Hope! Moreover, the tabernacle is least zealous of any of the chapels in the neighbourhood in Sunday-school activity, and only ten of its teachers are communicants. Thus, applying tests of godliness which Mr. Horne himself must respect on pain of dismissal, the tabernacle does not hold a candle to its neighbours.

But perhaps the Sunday afternoons at the tabernacle should be taken as the true test of its influence for good. Who can calculate the moral effect of an address like that of Mr. Baker M.P., delivered in the tabernacle not very long ago, "How I Won East

Finsbury"? Mr. Horne seems to have discovered a connexion, hitherto unperceived, between the morality of the Scriptures and the godliness of a sound political faith. We might have better understood this had we heard the address of Mr. P. W. Wilson delivered in the heat of the last General Election, "Joshua's Election Address". Apparently there is in the Bible an unsuspected store of electioneering literature. "How the Lords Stole the Commons" hardly sounds decorous. The speaker on this occasion was Mr. George, brother of his illustrious brother, and the address probably had an excellent effect. "Sub Rosa" of the "Morning Leader" has himself been in the pulpit at the tabernacle; or is to get there soon—we could not discover which. "Sub Rosa" comes late among the notables on the list before us. "That hardly points to any very serious state of mind at the last", as Dr. Chasuble said of the young man who expressed a wish to be buried in Paris. We need hardly remind "Sub Rosa" of the importance of being earnest. "Dens of infamy and shame were shut up. Purveyors of filthy literature had to clear out. All these crusades earned us the hatred of those who are interested in the prosperity of vice." "Sub Rosa" has a tradition to keep up. Apparently the subject does not matter: it is the spirit in which the subject is approached. "The German Navy Scare" (Mr. A. Baker M.P.), "The Budget Crisis" (Mr. A. H. Scott M.P.), "Socialism and Free Trade in Germany" (Mr. Ramsay Macdonald M.P.), "The Lords and the People" (Mr. E. G. Hemmerde M.P.)—approach any one of these subjects in a truly Christian spirit, and it will have an excellent moral effect upon the borough.

LABOUR IN POLITICS.

TRADE unionists are fond of calling their annual Congress the Parliament of Labour. The assembled delegates meet in good fellowship and busy themselves passing resolutions, as a rule academic and not meant to be taken seriously. This year, however, two resolutions need careful consideration, for the Congress vote must be taken as expressing the feelings of trade unionism on the Osborne judgment and on the working of the newly instituted Government labour exchanges. The root principle of trade-union control is that the majority rules; and that whatever demands may be made on the members, and whatever policy may be decided on, all must obey the will of the majority. The Osborne judgment recognises rights in the minority and, generally stated, upholds the rights of individuals to protest effectively against money demands for purposes they do not approve and which were not brought to their notice when they first joined their union. Such money demands have for some years been made and enforced on union members of every shade of politics to support members of Parliament of one complexion only—the so-called Labour party. The courts have recognised the right of a Conservative to remain in his union and yet to refuse payment for the maintenance of a Socialist member of Parliament. Trade unionists now tell us, through their Congress, that unless the majority has the effective power to coerce the minority in every respect the usefulness of the movement, from their point of view, is over. In reality the cry is hollow. All the recent troubles seem to result from the insubordination of the rank and file. The men are openly disobedient and not the least ashamed. Without doubt the influence of hot-headed local orators who aspire to replace existing leaders is an important factor in the trouble, but the true cause is deeper down. The bulk of trade-union members as a rule are content to be led; they pay little attention to details and are happy if they get their benefits regularly. The promised sickness allowance and strike pay were what brought them into the union, but once there they care so little about its management that even on an important question like the boilermakers' lock-out not more than a fifth of them troubled to return their voting-papers. The

active-section man is either a red-tie Socialist or a man in a black coat with a turn for local preaching. While the Socialist is young and enthusiastic, the man in the black coat is cautious and pawky. There is a strong feeling among the men that the man in the black coat has let the tide of labour needs overtake him, and while they respect him for his past services and personal qualities they feel he is out of touch with their needs. This feeling has undoubtedly grown more rapidly since trade-union leaders look to active parliamentary life. The new unionist bluntly says to the old "You cannot be in Parliament and look after your union as well". The complaint is just, and not improbably the recent revolts against the leaders are largely due to the feeling among the men that their leaders put politics and Parliament first and the local needs of their members second. The men certainly do not desire to give up labour representation, but they do wish for leaders who will be in daily contact with them and effectively posted in the trade needs of a district. The Osborne judgment is very awkward for those leaders whose ambitions are mainly political, as, once having tasted the sweets of parliamentary life, they by no means desire to go back to the obscurity of local trade unionism. Yet that is what the average trade unionist pays for and what he wants. The Socialist section naturally most bitterly hates the interference of the law which has robbed it of its income. We cannot see that the unions have much to lose by this judgment. Their leaders will be less inclined for politics and more keen for the real work of the unions, which, after all, has done for labour far more than parliamentary legislation. The unions may still vote for whom they choose, and surely they can bargain with any parliamentary candidate as effectively as a postman or a telegraphist. It is an open secret in the labour world that the Government intend offering labour the payment of members as an alternative to the reversal by law of the Osborne judgment. Buy votes the Government must; they are in far too tight a corner to brave all their nominal supporters. Against paid politicians in Parliament thinking Conservatism has always decidedly set itself, and we are therefore the more surprised to find that some Unionist newspapers are actually advocating this policy—presumably as a sop to Cerberus. It cannot be too plainly pressed that labour as a party will take all it can get, and yet never be thankful and never show gratitude. Unionists are foolish indeed if they cannot see so little beyond them. Conservatism has always been the champion of minorities, and must always be so; the duty of those who profess its principles is to show a bold front and refuse to give way to what they believe is essentially bad for our political life. At the same time there is no reason why the party should oppose several very needed reforms in our electoral law, reforms which, if carried out, would, we believe, go a long way towards settling this difficult question of parliamentary expenses. Local elections are now carried out solely at the expense of local authorities, county or municipal, as the case may be, and it would not be difficult to apply the same machinery to parliamentary elections. Some thousands of public officials would have a little extra work and doubtless a little extra pay on an average two or three days about once in four years. Then the limit of legal expenses is still far too high, and no one but the local press, terrible blackmailer for printing at election times, would suffer if what might legally be spent were drastically cut down. Registration work is grossly neglected, and should be made the duty of the local authorities; party agents playing at law and advocacy are not the proper people to carry out a high public duty. It may be said that if the path of the poorer man be made easier by reforms such as we have outlined the advantage will be all to the Labour party, who obviously have everything to gain by the cheapening of elections. On such a point we are unrepentant, and mainly in the belief that it is only by something like a political earthquake that the wealthy Conservative can be persuaded to stop criticising his working friends and put his own hands to the

plough. It is precisely because we wish as much as possible to get rid of the paid politician in every walk of life that we oppose payment of members as keenly as we recommend the cheapening of elections and of registration.

The attitude of the Trade Union Congress towards labour exchanges is coincident with the quickening of discontent in the union branches. In spite of Mr. Shackleton's able speech on the usefulness of the exchanges the Congress was against them. This vote does not by any means settle the matter; the exchanges have come to stay, and in many places have been very successful. Here and there a rash local manager has gone too far in one direction or the other, but as a rule the work is being well done. In strike times the unions are well protected and every care is taken to warn intending applicants for work that a labour dispute is in existence. In some cases the admirable correspondence system of the exchanges has been the means of notifying trade unionists of sectional disputes long before the news reached them from their own officials. In more than one town the exchanges have found work for men whose own union had given up the attempt. But the exchanges will not reach the highest point of usefulness until the employers agree to take men only from the official books. A great load would be taken off union shoulders. Rumour has it, also, that the Government scheme of unemployment insurance will be administered through the exchanges. Another load gone. What then will the unions have left? The work of bargaining with employers, once an agreement is arrived at of making sure that it is carried out. Steady work means as much to the man as to his employer. Recently trade unionism rose as one man and got the Trades Disputes Bill. There is no such unanimity over the Osborne case and labour exchanges, and therefore Parliament will probably hold its hand.

EGYPTIAN NATIONALISM: WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

THE Egyptian Nationalists have received a great advertisement. The prohibition of their Congress by the French Government has brought them before the notice even of persons who are quite uninterested in Mr. Keir Hardie's itinerant orations. It is understood that the French Government will be questioned as soon as the Chamber reassembles. Meanwhile it is announced semi-officially that the Congress is regarded as a vehicle of the Pan-Islamic movement, and as such calculated to damage French prestige in Northern Africa. There is no reason to distrust this explanation or to assume that the French authorities have simply wished to oblige their friends in England. The activity of Krishnavarma is probably more immediately pernicious than the Nationalist movement in Egypt, but the Hindu agitator is still allowed to live in Paris. Bearing this in mind, it would be unfair to blame the Belgians for allowing the Congress to assemble at Brussels. Unless it is thought that the movement would weaken the authority of Belgium in her Congolese colony—a most improbable hypothesis—there is no good reason for following the French example. It is understood that the Belgians have inquired into Great Britain's views on the question and are prepared to close the Congress should it degenerate into an anti-British demonstration. That is in keeping with King Albert's cordial language of a few days back, and gives us all that we can reasonably ask.

At the same time it certainly seems a little unfortunate that Belgium, which can scarcely afford to be suspected of rudeness to a great and friendly Power, should expose herself to the risk of misinterpretation. The Government, however, had to reckon with a fairly strong current of local opinion. Belgium cherishes considerable jealousy of Holland, whose capital has become a sort of international clearing-house. Congresses and arbitrations bring money into the country in which they are held, besides increasing that country's

diplomatic prestige. Brussels has a slightly better situation than The Hague, lies in a semi-neutralised State, and has the further advantage of being a French-speaking city. It has been openly stated that the powerful and somewhat unconciliatory personality of King Léopold had been Queen Wilhelmina's best asset, and hopes ran high that the new King would do better. Thus King Albert could not very well reject his first chance. And, after all, Egyptian Nationalism is not a good enough stick to beat Belgium with, nor need we grudge Brussels an extra side-show to her reconstituted Exhibition.

What is really important is the line taken by the French Government. Mr. Keir Hardie is not ashamed of his Christianity, and would certainly not associate himself with an anti-Christian movement. To his mind Egyptian Nationalism is a political propaganda as to the conduct of which he can give tips. This is the view which the Nationalists consistently set before their English sympathisers. Egypt has earned the right to govern herself; the Congress leaders are anxious to serve their country in responsible positions, but the English keep them out; and so on and so forth. It is possible that there was once a certain amount of truth in all this. The Europeanised Occidental is not the man who would most naturally head a religious movement. He is the man who would have risen to very high position under Ismail in the good old days, and his peculiar talents are certainly not appreciated by the present administrators of the country. But a movement run on such lines by a disgruntled minority could only succeed if backed either by the masses of the Egyptian population or by some great European Power or combination of Powers. No such backing was available.

Take first the possibility of external support. The only Power which had any natural inclination to enthusiasm about the formulæ of liberty was France, and France was in honour bound to abide by the agreement of 1904. Moreover, there was a grave practical difficulty to be overcome by any Power anxious to go out of its way to make a little trouble for the British. We have long advocated the abandonment of the Capitulations. Our wishes have been disregarded, not, as Continental journals have repeatedly informed us, out of any unfriendly feeling towards ourselves, but simply because the average Egyptian judge could not be trusted to deal fairly by the Christian foreigner. Once endorse the Nationalist pretensions and this doctrine could no longer be maintained. After all, Egypt is in tutelage not to Britain alone but to a whole group of Powers, not one of whom could possibly approve of the agitation without taking corresponding action. No wonder that Nationalism has been cold-shouldered in Europe.

Nor were its prospects any brighter at home. It has never been urged that British rule is offensive to the fellah. M. Edouard Naville has just borne testimony to the substantial benefits which the occupation has conferred upon the fellah. Not only has taxation been both lightened and regularised; not only has a wise irrigation policy greatly improved the average prospect of the agriculturist; beyond all this, the fellah has become his own master. From the earliest times forced labour has been the rule in Egypt. It offered the easiest means of dealing with the Nile flood, and had become so rooted in the administrative system that Lord Cromer found himself unable to abolish it immediately. Now, however, it is a memory; soon it will have sunk to a tradition; but it endured too long ever to be completely forgotten. In releasing the fellah from this cruel burden we have put him under almost the only obligation which he can really understand, and our hold upon him is accordingly stronger than our hold upon the affections of the Indian ryot. The fellah is now invited by the Nationalist to expel the British foreigner who has done him good, in order to restore the Turkish foreigner who did him evil! It is not surprising that the invitation aroused no enthusiasm.

Cut off from support both at home and abroad, the Nationalists had to choose between appealing to

fanaticism and allowing their movement to perish of inanition. Any doubts they may have cherished were resolved by that general stir in the Oriental world which began to manifest itself at the turn of the century. Their first step was to protest against Lord Kitchener's "desecration" of the Mahdi's tomb, but their real opportunity came with the frontier trouble with Turkey a few years back. No unprejudiced man who has read extracts from the contemporary articles in the leading Nationalist organ can say that this case was examined on its merits. Undoubted stress was laid on the wholly irrelevant point that the parties to the dispute were respectively a Christian and a Mohammedan Power. The same spirit has prompted the furious attacks on the Copts and the disgusting respect paid to the memory of the murderer of the Coptic Prime Minister, Boutros Pasha. Even Mr. Keir Hardie has an uneasy feeling that his Nationalist friends have not quite played the game, and has advised them to confine their agitation within strictly constitutional limits—advice to which some of his hearers probably listened tongue in cheek.

On both positive and negative grounds, then, there is strong reason for regarding Egyptian Nationalism as a phase of the Pan-Islamic movement. But Pan-Islamism is of itself only a phase of a large movement, in which the Hindus are playing a conspicuous part, of the East against European civilisation generally. The European Socialist and the Oriental agitator join hands in deploring the evil wrought by European capitalism. For the sake of argument let us assume the truth of every word said under this head. Even so, the European Socialist would admit that capitalism had conferred upon the East certain material benefits—irrigation, railways and the like—which must be set on the other side of the account. The Oriental agitator would disagree. To his mind the Nile dam and the latest company fraud are both equally Occidental and as such equally hateful.

It is this more general aspect of the Nationalist movement which must finally determine British policy towards it and towards kindred movements elsewhere. The British tradition is that hard words break no bones, and that people can be allowed to say what they like. That is not altogether true, but we are perfectly entitled to frame our policy accordingly, provided that the consequences fall only upon our own heads. But that is not what will happen in the East. In the East we are not the English; we are the typical Occidentals. As such we owe a duty to our fellows. It is sheer nonsense to pretend that the opposition between East and West which has hitherto formed the pivot on which human history turns has now ceased to exist. It is as real as ever, and the British, in virtue of their predominant position in the East, must needs be the first to come into contact with it. And it is worth remembering that the man who has most pointedly reminded us of our obligations towards Western civilisation is Mr. Roosevelt, who is perhaps the most striking extant example of the Occidental type.

THE MANŒUVRES.

THE Territorial manœuvres proved a fiasco. It was no fault of the officers and men, to whom much praise must be given. But it was clearly shown that they were in no way able to take the field in large organisations, and that it was impossible to expect untrained men to march and manœuvre without making a farce of the whole business, in spite of the supreme efforts to make the show a success. They were stiffened by Regular officers, in some cases taken away from important work which had to be done in their own units, such as artillery officers being called away from their batteries whilst undergoing the annual course of firing at Okehampton; and money, besides, was poured out like water. The whole affair indeed would have been laughable if it were not so serious and pitiable.

The first turn having been rung down, the curtain has again been raised on a Special Reserve extravaganza. We must now have a division in the field

at complete war strength. Obviously this could not be accomplished with real soldiers. So, in order to make up a division, recourse has been made to borrowing such Regular Reservists as were willing to come up, Special Reservists who must forego their ordinary annual training, Territorials who would have been much better occupied at their humdrum work, and a mass of hired transport and horses of indifferent quality. This heterogeneous mass of men took the field last Monday, and during this week are engaged on the grand manœuvres, with results which we fear must make us somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of foreign nations. We admit that, considering the circumstances, the men, up to the time of writing, have acquitted themselves well. For untrained men to carry some fifty pounds' weight of arms and equipment along dusty roads on a hot September day some fourteen or sixteen miles is a good performance, although of course the ambulance wagons were fairly full at the end of the day. But our contention is that it has been a waste of time and money; and, further, that it has hampered the work of the Regular troops. What is the use of asking the latter to perform work which requires the highest training, and doing it inefficiently, when they ought to have been doing their ordinary curriculum of elementary work? Of course, the answer which would be given to these comments is that, as the Special Reserve exists now solely to reinforce the line, they are only doing what they would be called upon in war to do. That is so. But they would not be called upon until the Regular Reserve had been exhausted; and by the time this had happened, at any rate for the present, they would have been embodied and got into training. The whole proceeding is unfair, not only to the Special Reserve, but to the Regulars. Not only the men, but the Special Reserve officers as well, were in many cases quite unfitted to undertake even such everyday work as outpost duties. Naturally we shall be told at the end that the manœuvres have been an unparalleled success. But we consider them a gross waste of public money; and are quite convinced that much more good would have been done if all the auxiliaries engaged had simply been allowed to undergo their ordinary curriculum of training and had not been called upon to run before they could walk. At the same time we give them every credit for the plucky way in which they have done their best.

As to the manœuvres generally, they have proceeded on well-recognised lines. Salisbury Plain is the district where the big battles must be fought. The venue is not very typical of England generally. But big battles elsewhere will usually be fought in unenclosed country; and when so much money has been expended this summer over trivialities it is wise to economise a little and so reduce the compensation bill. There is no doubt that manœuvres, as we hold them nowadays, are carried out in a more realistic manner than formerly. It may be wearisome for the pawns concerned to spend the greater part of the manœuvre period in marching along dusty roads and lanes. But in real warfare marching predominates, and battles are few and far between. The troops and even regimental officers of course learn little. But it is a very valuable experience to the Generals and the Staff; and it is just as well that these should have the opportunity of seeing and handling a division, up to war strength, in the field. But we protest against the growing disposition to magnify matters. Even in quite small operations it is becoming the custom to glorify regiments and brigades into divisions and army corps. What is the use in war games and staff rides of asking auxiliary and junior army officers to imagine that they are commanding large bodies of men, which the former by no freak of imagination can ever be called upon to do, and which the latter are not likely for many years to undertake? Possibly this desire in some officers to make themselves and their forces bigger than they actually are may have induced Mr. Haldane to put his sham division in the field. It is perhaps too soon yet to form any definite conclusion as to the general value of the present manœuvres, except as regards the

auxiliaries engaged. But at least we may draw some conclusion as to the horse supply. This is really becoming a national danger. It is even more important than the question of the supply of men, because these, at any rate of a sort, can always be obtained at a pinch by paying for them. Neither Mr. Haldane nor other members of the Government will take this matter seriously. But it is clear that after the quality of horses obtained for the present manœuvres, and the difficulty of finding them, the matter must be seriously tackled, if an appalling breakdown when real war is upon us is not to happen. The Regular Army at any rate should have a competent, though not a full, establishment of horses always. In time no doubt, as regards transport and possibly guns, a satisfactory system of motor transport may be devised. But in the meanwhile we should be prepared, which now we are not.

THE CITY.

A WEEK or so ago, it may be remembered, oil shares—the youngest and most speculative section of the market—were attracting attention, and now brewery securities—once the most popular medium for industrial investment, which have since involved their holders in more serious losses than any other English investment in the last decade—have suddenly sprung into favour. The brewery revival, however, is well founded. It is based upon satisfactory dividend yields obtainable at current quotations, and is supported by a general opinion that the trade has sounded the lowest depths of depression, from which a recovery is inevitable. The chastening effects of prolonged disaster have led to unprecedented economy and efficiency of management, and the prospect of immunity from further confiscatory legislation, coupled with the reduction of assessments for taxation of licensed premises, has aroused new hopes for the industry which formerly provided such handsome dividends. It is hardly possible that those good old days will return; but quotations had reached a panic level at which some promising purchases could be effected.

Unexpected vitality has also been displayed in London General Omnibus stocks, accompanied by optimistic statements in anticipation of the report to be issued two or three months hence for the period of fifteen months ending on 30 September. It is believed that the profits will be sufficient to pay off the whole of the arrears of preference dividend, amounting to some £50,000, and leave a substantial surplus. Rumour puts the surplus available for depreciation account at £100,000, but this is possibly an exaggeration, and in any event no dividend on the ordinary stock can be expected yet. If these forecasts are justified, the ordinary stockholders may look forward with some degree of confidence to a distribution on account of next year; for in the meantime many working economies should be effected and many mistakes of the past remedied.

Bank shares have been in some demand on behalf of investors who are not afraid of the heavy uncalled liability on them, interest yields of about 5 per cent. proving sufficiently attractive; but, in spite of these evidences of discriminative investment buying, the home investment departments are receiving very little attention. In the circumstances it is not surprising that investors as a body remain apathetic; indeed, it is little short of extraordinary that home rails and industrial securities should maintain their firmness at a time when the columns of the daily newspapers are filled with discussions of Government taxation and labour troubles. The evidences of trade improvement, reflected in good railway traffic returns, will become obliterated if the disorganisation of labour is allowed to hamper industry much longer; but investors are indulging in high hopes that capital will be able to obtain some permanent advantages from the present disruption in the trade union forces. Even foreign railway securities have become quieter, with the exception of Mexican rails, which always display some

agitation as the dividend date approaches; while the American outlook is still unpromising, the prospect of an acknowledged reduction in steel prices having a repressive influence.

Another batch of excellent rubber dividends has failed to restore the rubber share market, although many shares now stand at a very inviting level. The price of fine hard Para at 7s. 4d. has reached a low record for this year, and it may possibly decline still further; but it should be remembered that the majority of good Malay companies have based their estimates of the future with the raw material at less than half its present quotation, and investors in such companies have therefore nothing to fear in the present or prospective situation. Among the recent dividends declared, satisfaction must surely be derived from the Anglo-Malay 25 per cent., comparing with 12½ per cent. last December; from the Pataling second interim distribution of 75 per cent., against 25 per cent. last November; from the Golden Hope 20 per cent., against 8 per cent. last year; and from the Federated Selangor 30 per cent. against 15. Maiden dividends of 20 per cent. by the Kapar Para and 10 per cent. by the Ulu Rantau Estates are announced, and the Inch Kenneth report, with its dividend of 100 per cent. against 5 per cent. for the previous year, is wholly satisfactory.

The dividends notified by South African gold-mining companies indicate the healthy condition of the industry; but quotations have made no response as they are already sufficiently high to render the return on the shares not particularly attractive.

The scheme for reorganisation of the finances of the Midland Railway Company of West Australia has at last made its appearance and is receiving general approval. Naturally, in view of the many interests involved, it appears somewhat complicated, but a close study leads to the conclusion that the proposals are fair to all parties and could not be easily improved upon. The City is not deeply interested in the Turkish loan negotiations; but it is observed that the advent of the National Bank of Turkey under Sir Ernest Cassel's direction has placed Turkey in a position in which she is no longer entirely dependent upon the good offices of the French Government and the Imperial Ottoman Bank.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SYMPHONY.

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

WE are quaint creatures, we who belong rather to the tail-end of the last century than to the beginning of this. We are touched with the self-conscious earnestness of the Mid-Victorian period, when to have a "thoughtful forehead" qualified one to become the hero of a novel or a grave and sagacious statesman; yet we pride ourselves on our intellectual daring, our freedom from the trammels of tradition, on our emancipated judgments on all things dear to the hearts of our forbears. The combination of daring with seriousness has produced some results that, we may be sure, will hugely amaze our descendants and perhaps stir them to heartless merriment. A hundred years hence some industrious delver ransacking musty libraries for "documents" to show what manner of folk we were, will discover and announce to an incredulous world that we used to make up lists of the "hundred best" books, pictures, symphonies and actresses. The discoverer of this fact will be treated at first perchance with good-natured contempt; but when he recounts our habit of actually voting on such matters he will be clapped into a lunatic asylum as an annoying if not absolutely dangerous lunatic. But we who are now alive, and may even have voted, know that our seriousness enables us to think that our opinions about the men of old time matter at all, and our daring incites us to round on the previous generation and reverse its verdicts, especially on things artistic. And consciously or unconsciously we are all everlastingly engaged in putting people and works of art in their places; and, to make a frank confession, the other evening at Queen's

Hall I found myself comparing the relative positions of Beethoven and Mozart as symphony writers.

When we glance at some of the early "analytical programmes", as those disagreeable inflictions are called, we find Beethoven disparaged and Haydn and Mozart glorified. We look at some later ones, and, lo! a more up-to-date, smarter people has dropped poor Haydn (how often in a year is the "Creation" now sung, I wonder?); and the still smarter and more up-to-date people of still more recent times decided to drop Mozart. So the critic of a daily paper earned general approval, and his courage was highly commended, when he wrote that "Mozart is a little passé now". And at the present moment the advisability of dropping Beethoven is being very seriously considered in quarters where these little things are settled for us. Therefore I ought to apologise for my excessive temerity in considering at all the merits of two such faded or fading celebrities; but it must be done: I must make my splash like my brethren, and I fearlessly declare the G minor symphony of Mozart to be the most perfect symphony ever written. I also take the present opportunity to assert that Schumann's piano concerto is the best ever written. The intelligent reader will observe, first, that the two works are linked together because they happened to be played at the same concert, and, second, that, less ambitious than Lord Avebury or the late Dr. Richard Garnett, I do not offer a list of the best hundred symphonies or concertos. In fact when I just remarked that harmless people were asked to vote on the question of What are the best hundred symphonies? I rashly stepped outside the demesne of perfect truth which is the exclusive property of the English nation. No one has been asked to choose the best hundred. There is not a best hundred: there is not even a good hundred. As for piano concertos, there are not ten passable ones.

On Wednesday night the renderings of the G minor symphony and the A minor concerto would not have helped a stranger to these works to make up his mind about them. Miss Phyllis Emanuel has not the mere muscular strength and endurance, nor the experience, nor the sense of rhythm and artistic balance, for so very treacherous a thing as Schumann's concerto. Again I have to complain, as I have had to complain in the case of many other artists, of the perpetual violent and ineffective contrasts, of the want of that steady mezzo-forte which—with exceptions—ought to be, so to speak, the general level of loudness, a level that can be raised on occasion to a forte or lowered to a piano or a whisper. She gave us whispers and fortissimo thunders and shrieks; but the mezzo-forte level on which the masters relied to make these effective was not there. The rhythm was poor in the intermezzo, where piano and orchestra seem to converse before first one and then the other gives us snatches of song. And if Miss Emanuel had only taken her eyes off the keyboard and looked at the conductor sometimes in the finale, that movement would not have been chopped up as it was. Of course the business of the conductor is to follow the pianist, but the pianist must also watch the conductor. If he—or, as in this case, she—does not, artistic disaster is inevitable. The main source of the beauty of this concerto is in the wondrous balance of piano and orchestra. In the concertos of an earlier age the orchestra was a bare accompaniment; in more recent ones the orchestra very often drowns the piano altogether, drenches it with the blurred colours of horns, trumpets, trombones and tubas. Schumann hit the lovely and satisfying mean: one instrument helps the other throughout, and each, through its willingness to sacrifice itself to the other, does best for itself. The music also is exactly to scale with the mould in which it is cast; it is neither too trivial nor does it sound pre-tentious through an endeavour to get too much into a form which is small and quite unfitted for great things. It is only fair to say that a few passages were charmingly played; but Miss Emanuel will have to grow into a much riper artist before she can deal justly with such a perfect bit of work—almost Schumann's most perfect bit.

Mr. Wood's playing of the symphony was, I regret

to say, perfunctory. One would have said that after the concerto and, it may be, the Elgar variations which had preceded it, he thought it unnecessary to take further trouble—after all, it was only a Promenade audience. I say one would have thought so; though we may be quite certain that nothing was further from Mr. Wood's mind. The memories of two wonderful Mozart interpretations remain with me. One is Strauss' rendering of the "Jupiter" symphony some months ago—the finest thing of the sort I ever heard; the other is a performance of the G minor by Mr. Wood more years ago than it is pleasant to think about when one is low-spirited. The slow movement was sung—every instrument sang and the ensemble was at once sweet and powerful, overwhelming in its beauty and its strength. Though there was no feebleness neither was there any harshness; one had no feeling that the band was being driven as cattle are got to market; one did not suspect that the esteemed conductor feared he might lose his last train. On Wednesday, how different! The slow movement—which, we all know, ought not to be taken too slow—was beaten and worried out of semblance to the genuine divine thing it is and that Mr. Wood can make it. It is not in the least a sentimentally sorrowful piece of music, it is not at all peaceful. The mood alternates between resignation and anguish; but the expression of even the most terrible mental agony is subdued: there is no tearing of hair or beating the breast. Mr. Wood began by doing both and he got worse with every bar. At last one could not resist the suspicion, as I have said, that last trains had something to do with the exhibition. The slow movement being spoiled, of course the effect of the whole symphony was spoiled. The first movement had been rather roughly knocked about, but the minuet and trio, none too easy to play, had been delivered with superb beauty and perfect balance and sobriety. In the finale there was another resort to brute force, and I left the hall after it was over with an impression that the bandsmen and Mr. Wood himself must be in a frightful state of perspiration. This last movement is reckless enough as Mozart wrote it, and there seemed no need to turn it into a vivid picture of Whitechapel on a Derby night.

It is a pity that this sublime piece of art should be so ruined. Mozart's voice can so rarely be heard that one does not care to miss an opportunity; and Wednesday evening's performance was an opportunity lost. Mozart's voice could not be heard—only Mr. Wood and his men got into a state of unnatural excitement about goodness knows what. The mood of the work is one that grew stronger in Mozart as he drew nearer the grave and recurred more and more frequently, the mood of the G minor quintet and the Requiem; and here it finds its fullest and at the same time most completely artistic utterance. The G minor symphony must be called the most perfect symphony for the same reason as Schumann's piano concerto is the most perfect concerto: the material is the most perfectly adapted to the form. Beethoven, that mighty and sombre genius, broke up what we term the "classical" symphony form in his striving to utter what was in him; but Mozart, taking up the form at the point to which Haydn had then (1788) carried it, said all he had to say and yet left a work of art impeccable in its proportions. This is not to say the symphony form is necessarily the finest or the ripest development of musical form, any more than the concerto is, but taking it as it is, Mozart made the noblest use of it.

A few novelties have been done at the Promenade Concerts, and at the end of the season I may sum up my impressions of them. But I am afraid that I am not a devotee of novelties, especially English novelties. A piece of music is not always worth writing about, though it must be hearkened to, simply because it is played for the first time. My attitude is ungracious. After asking for new English compositions I get them—and then I say I don't like them. It is an unpleasant task, and the only remedy that suggests itself to me is that English composers should manage to write music that one can honestly like.

"THE MAN FROM THE SEA."

BY MALLEUS.

FOR the past year or so no serial story in the evening press, and I peruse them with unrelenting regularity, has failed to include at least one heroine who has a real but absent spouse in addition to the supposed husband with whom she is living. Mr. W. J. Locke seems to have been unable to resist the fashion. His married-unmarried heroine, a Mrs. Averill, otherwise Field, comes from Sydney, "the dark underworld of Sydney", and her supposed husband is a doctor in an English cathedral city. She is very popular, partly I presume on account of her pretty wit. When someone asks her, for the sake of argument, to "take the west front of Wells", she retorts, "If I did I should be put in prison". They must have been frightened at so much brilliancy in Durdleham. The remainder of the local characters consist of the Dean who is just a dean, a Canon who is nothing but a canon, two effusive young girls, a neighbouring squire, Pontifex Pye, who answers to the description of "a sound Churchman with £5000 a year", and Mrs. Lee, the young widow of an old parson. As Mrs. Lee Miss Nina Boucicault is as admirable as ever, and it is hard to be admirable in such a part. Then Jan Redlander (Mr. Robert Loraine) comes from the sea, at least so he says, and brings a breeze with him. He has been sailing in that region which is so dear to novelists, whether they write plays or not, the South Seas, and has acquired a good deal of physical force, a certain amount of rather low cunning, a copious capacity for highly coloured diction and a "mother-of-pearl fishery" at a place in the Society Islands with rather an ugly name. The last he has left in charge of a drunken Irishman, the others he has brought to Durdleham. He applies them to the solution of one of those questions which Mr. Hall Caine would describe as eternal, namely, the proper attitude of Christian charity towards a relationship which, apart from dogmatic Christianity, may be called a justifiable free union. Field was a convicted swindler and is thought to be in Sydney gaol, and Mrs. Field is very happy with the doctor, his successor. Jan, of course, is represented as knowing the whole story. The little widow is in love with him and he is in love with her, and each wears a pig on a chain in memory of the other. Pontifex overhears the story of Mrs. Field's past and tells Mrs. Lee. Jan then applies to Pontifex the only form of argument with which he is acquainted and threatens that if he does not hold his tongue he will receive certain treatment from his semi-animal servant Monks, a fine flower of the South Seas whom he has brought with him as an example to the Durdleham rustics. If Pontifex had weighed a few pounds more and had been an inch or two taller I feel sure that this bouncing braggart would have adopted Zbysco's tactics and allowed Pontifex to sit on his back. He then takes in hand the reform of Pontifex generally and makes jokes about the Pontifex Maximus. The latter's crime is that he has been devoting himself to ecclesiastical architecture, with some prospect of success, while the former has been wandering about the world with no tangible result at all. He certainly did not acquire his vocabulary in the South Seas, and he seems to have acquired little else. Mrs. Lee is not so amenable as Pontifex. Like him she has a Christian conscience, but Jan cannot apply the same form of argument to her. Neither does Mrs. Averill succeed in discovering any means of inducing the widow to replace her Christian conscience by Christian charity. To the widow the two things are identical, and there is an end of the matter. If Mr. Locke had succeeded in putting into Mrs. Averill's mouth anything novel or interesting on the subject the scene might have been a great one. It is not. Then Jan's South Sea cunning comes into play. He persuades Mrs. Lee by elementary means to confess that she loves him, and then falsely informs her, when she is not in a condition to resist anything that he may suggest, that he has a wife in an asylum. She accepts him, wife and all, and her position towards Mrs. Averill

becomes illogical, or at any rate undogmatic. The playwright hastens to cover up this shabby and scandalous trick by some sheerly farcical business connected with the unintentional delivery to the Dean of Mrs. Lee's letter charging Mrs. Averill with adultery.

A telegram then arrives announcing Field's opportune death, and we leave Mrs. Averill with the happy prospect of a cathedral marriage. Next Jan invites Mrs. Lee to forgive him, but even that besotted woman hesitates, as well she might. Thereupon Jan observes with complete irrelevance that that shows that he is marrying a woman; and then, evidently feeling that another of his long speeches about coral and mother-of-pearl and the place with the ugly name would not fit the situation, reverts to the only form of argument with which he is acquainted, picks up the lady and carries her round the room. She blushes and chooses Hercules. Mr. Loraine is a fine, virile actor, and would, I suspect, like Ariosto's Rodomonte, vastly prefer more action and less rodomontade. Mr. Locke disappoints us by not contributing more of value to the great and vital question with which his play is concerned. He obviously ought to give evidence before the Divorce Commission.

THE DEMOCRATISATION OF THE SORBONNE.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

THE word democracy is not pretty, I am sorry to say, and it has given rise to many other words which are ugly. "Démocratiser", "Démocratisation", "Démocratiquement" are no euphonious acquisitions for the language; but people do not seem to mind, and those louts sprawl on the best pages. To democratise means various things, according to the tone in which the phrase is spoken. It may refer to the abolition of absurd privileges or to the extension to the masses of reasonable advantages so far reserved for the happy few, or to the lowering of some standard somewhat difficult to attain and consequently likely to emphasise inequalities. In the last few years we have heard a good deal, in the Sorbonne and out of the Sorbonne, about the democratisation of this venerable institution, and it was seldom heard repeated twice in succession in the same accent. Sometimes the word was spoken in triumph, sometimes in disgust. Every now and then the "Temps" or the "Débats" would hint that real battles were fought on the subject in the higher councils of the University, and the echoes of the same were occasionally heard even in the Chamber. In the course of the summer a little volume, "La Sorbonne Contemporaine", by M. Pierre Leguay (Paris: Grasset), was repeatedly quoted as revealing a melancholy state of affairs, and its publication coincided with a protest from the Conseil Supérieur de l'Instruction Publique against a fresh democratic encroachment of the Minister of Education on the old privileges of the Sorbonne. I promised myself to read the book.

It is not a strong book. A young man's book at first sight, with the young man's gravity already tempered with cheap wit and the young man's incongruities. Evidently M. Leguay was commissioned to write his book with a purpose—which was to show that the Sorbonne has become unduly democratic; and as he was conscientious and would not lose caste by making an unlawful use of his facts, he was embarrassed, and turned out a book which the reader must occasionally criticise as a schoolboy's paper. Yet it is sufficiently rich in facts to give the not altogether lay inquirer a tolerable idea of what is meant by the democratisation of the Sorbonne.

Since its reorganisation by the universal reorganiser Napoleon, and until its reconstruction by seven or eight Ministers of Education, prompted, above all, by M. Liard and M. Lavissee, the Sorbonne was eminently what is generally called an intellectual centre—that is to say, a place where provincialism of any kind is abhorred, and where the points of view are broad. The Sorbonne of Villemain and Cousin, and even the Sorbonne of Caro, so mischievously caricatured in "Le Monde où

l'on s'ennuie", was not uniformly a place where a great deal of erudition was acquired, but, in its way, and according to the lights of so remote a period, it was unrivalled for its taste and intelligence, for the choice of its interests—in a word, for its culture. Everybody knows that even its best professors were apt to fall into the purely academic attitude, which is certainly a pity; but some, like Fustel de Coulanges, had attained without any show or ado to the perfection of university culture, which is erudition without pedantry, and, on the contrary, with an enlargement of outlook.

Shortly after 1870 it became the fashion in France to imitate the Germans and to take it for granted that everybody was to go to school to them. Read the biography of most members of the present Sorbonne; you will meet the mention that, on their return from Germany, they produced this book or that, which generally is not their best.

All these young men, especially the historical students, made fun, on their return, of the generalisation in which their old professors indulged in their public lectures, praised the Seminar system, dreamt of endless bibliographies, and thought, in their hearts, that dulness was the elegance of erudition. In a few years, thanks to the development of the Ecole des Chartes and the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, the historical chairs were filled entirely by men of the type of M. Langlois, who, intelligent as he seems to be, says outright that history is its own end.

The contagion of accuracy for accuracy's sake, and the mistrust of any but statements of facts, soon spread to the literary section. Walk into the lecture-room where M. Faguet, the real representative of the old French vein, lets off his fireworks of wit and of wonderfully quick illustration over the minor poets, and then into the laboratory—as the phrase goes—where M. Lanson is supposed to read Lamartine, but, in fact, consumes his patience and the patience of his audience in slow-going and guarded disquisitions about sources, editions, and readings. You will realise that literature has become, if not an exact science, at least what Fustel used to call the chemistry of written documents.

Try the philosophers, and it will be the same thing. Philosophy survives at the Collège de France, thanks to M. Bergson; but it has long been dead at the Sorbonne. Here philosophers are historians like M. Lévy-Brühl, or sociologists like M. Durkheim or M. Bouglé, or physicians like M. Dumas. A few years ago it occurred to some Minister that professors ought to be taught how to teach, and a chair of pædagogics was created, but the atmosphere of the place was too strong for the newly discovered art. In a short time it turned, like all the rest, into a science, and proudly called itself pædology—that is to say, the science of the child, without any debasing reference to learning or teaching. It is remarkable that the Sorbonne professors who used to be called So-and-So by their pupils, and M. So-and-So by outsiders, are gradually succeeding in getting themselves called Professor So-and-So.

This is what is called the democratisation of the Sorbonne.

You will not fail to ask: "Why should erudition be regarded as democratic? Where is the democracy of knowing what one talks about?" Patienza. You must never forget that France is the home of logic pushed indifferently to heroism or to destruction. Erudition is not democratic when it belongs to a Renan, because choice—that is to say, aristocracy—goes along with it; but it is democratic when it means stuffing, and that is what it means in most lecture-rooms at the Sorbonne. The latest academic syllabus is a comfort for fools and a disgust for the rest, whatever may be their numbers. All that used to be scholarship, refinement in learning, elegance in composition, is discouraged or made impossible, and dry-as-dust precision has taken its place. Under pretence of disciplining the wayward French genius—sometimes it is called wayward, sometimes formal—the academic authorities have managed to make degrees easy for dunces and uninteresting for intelligent men. But the privilege of having been born with more acumen than one's

neighbour has been abolished. This is undoubtedly democratising in the very vilest sense of the term.

There are proofs that the old levelling instinct has had its semi-conscious share in these modifications. The *Ecole Normale Supérieure*, which used to be opened only to an élite, has been practically suppressed. The privileges of those poor ancient lords, Latin and Greek, have also been done away with, and you can at present go through not only a medical or legal, but even a classical course without them. The rebellion in the *Conseil Supérieur*, to which I made an allusion above, was caused by an intimation that more "moderns" were to be admitted into the Sorbonne on an equal footing with the others.

And how is one to account for the extraordinary co-operation of the Sorbonne in its own destruction? Very easily. The Sorbonne at present consists of about a hundred professors. Of this number quite three-quarters are honest men, who have taken advantage of the German imitation wave and do their peaceful work without bothering much about the consequences of erudition for erudition's sake. The rest are active theorists who either believe in the virtue of their teaching, like M. Seignobos, or in the inexhaustible power of the Revolution, like M. Aulard, or vaguely dream about the future city as an Athens, like that most aristocratic democrat M. Croiset, or at last like M. Lanson, M. Basch and M. Andler, are coquetting with the Socialists and assume that a Socialist Deputy is in possession of the science of modern life, as they themselves are in possession of their special branch of knowledge. They pay for the privilege of this familiarity with politicians, first by speaking on occasions a language so inferior to themselves that one is astounded, and second, by favouring in the university councils measures at one with the crude theories current in the Chamber, and all reducible to the great principle that nobody ought in anything to be better than one's neighbour.

All this certainly looks ominously like democratising in the untoward sense. If I had more space I would show that the bulk of the nation, whether of high or low degree, instead of protesting against the tendency, evidently connives at it. I would also try to show that it does not matter much. The medievalists who lord it over the Sorbonne have no influence whatever on literature, and literature, in the long run, always carries the day. A few thousand bourgeois will, no doubt, be stupefied by heavy intellectual food, but the loss is not great, and the next generation will rout the medievalists.

AN OUTPOST OF ITALY—LUGANO.

WHATEVER the geography books may say, Italy begins for the natural man on the other side of the S. Gothard Tunnel. When we have left Lucerne, the old "storks' nest" on the Reuss, with her bridges and towers and huge caravanserais, and little Altdorf, embosomed in orchards and shut in with almost perpendicular mountain walls, and are winding up with the corkscrew of the S. Gothard Railway into the very heart of the hills, it is all Switzerland about us—essence of Switzerland—the Switzerland of the steel engravings in the annuals of fifty years ago—snowpeaks and scarred precipices, over which the spray of the torrent falls like a tossed-out lace scarf, with here and there a cluster of cottages or some lonely church, till at last we come to Goeschenen, where the river runs milky from the glacier snows under the single-spanned stone bridge close to the railway buffet, into which one is bundled to swallow a hurried lunch before the plunge into the tunnel.

Then on the other side of the tunnel, Airolo—yes, and in spite of the geographers, Italy. One snowpeak after another swims into sight and disappears as the train rushes down to the plain. At Faido walnuts and chestnuts replace the pine. The red-roofed houses, with their loggie and balconies painted pink, yellow and white, are unmistakably Italian. Lower down we catch a glimpse of blue distant water—Maggiore. And so, still descending through chestnut and walnut woods,

we arrive at Lugano—the outpost of Italy—to which it belongs by everything but a political accident.

"Oh, woman country woo'd, not wed,
Loved all the more by earth's rough lands,
Laid to their hearts instead."

George Meredith once said of Italian women that the difference between their beauty and the beauty of other women was the difference between velvet and silk. He might have said the same of the Italian landscape as one sees it on the shores of Lugano.

All round the curve of the bay white houses gleam out of gardens. On one side the town is guarded by the bold isolated mass of San Salvatore, on the other rise the heights of Monte Brè and Boglia, with Castagnola perched on the slope of the mountain among its chestnut woods.

In the gardens along the shore, palm, aloe and cactus give an exotic expression to the place. Roses are everywhere and the meadows on the lower slopes are gay with the embroidery of the summer. Out on the lake the steamers puff to and fro with cargoes of tourists on their way to Porlezza or Ponte Tresa. More leisurely souls are reclining in tiny pleasure-boats with awnings and cushions. Those visitors who are not on the lake are dawdling on the quay by the shops, buying picture postcards, olive-wood trays or fancy straw pin-boxes. So far Lugano is like any other lakeland town.

But the old town behind the tourists' quarter has a physiognomy of its own, especially on Thursdays, when the market is held, when the bullock carts with their swart drivers block up the narrow lanes and the countrywomen from Val Solda, Val Colla and Gandria come in with their fruits and vegetables on their backs or in paniers on a donkey. Perhaps they have rowed over from some of the lakeside villages, and after the market is over we shall hear their singing on the water as they return in the delicious gloaming to their homes.

Yes; the geography books may reiterate that Lugano is a Swiss town and the capital of Canton Tessin. We may look at the Denkmal in the "Piazza dell'Indipendenza", which records how the Luganese rose for liberty in 1796. Neither this nor the prevalence of the German tongue, nor the distinctive, so un-Italian manner to be found in certain hotels—the kind of manner that is called "independent" in Yorkshire—will do away with the testimony of the arcaded streets, so full of colour and slovenliness, the soft light, the air of easy picturesque smiling dilapidation.

The great treasure of the town is Italian, the work of a Milanese master. One stumbles on it almost unaware as one does on so many precious things in Italy. It would be so easy to pass without notice that plain-looking parish church of S. Mary of the Angels, its main door flush with the roadway. Plain, shabby, accessible to all as it is, one has but to draw the heavy curtain from the door and enter and worship and wonder.

For right opposite the west door is Luini's great "Crucifixion", taking up the whole space between the chancel arch and the roof.

To an Englishman, with his habit of expecting a certain finish and expensive neatness in the setting of precious things, there is something touching in the rough simplicity which surrounds a masterpiece like this. Here, as in all religious art of the great period, there is no attempt, such as one sees in Tissot's pictures, to give a realistic representation of facts. The artist's aim is simply to present the great symbol of man's redemption before the eye in a form as solemn and affecting as possible; and he has carried out his aim with that awe and loving wonder, with that strong sentiment of natural beauty, chastened and controlled by fervent religious feeling, which is the note of the Milanese school. Rightly placed at the entrance to the Sanctuary, this great work sets forth the mystery of which the Eucharistic rite is the perpetual memorial. The Lamb is "lifted up", adored by crowds of angels in the heavenly places, despised and rejected by the world. Modern realism would give us three agonised men nailed like weasels to strips of wood—a triumph

of stupid barbarity and avarice and spite. But it could not give us the spiritual significance of the unique event as the Christian conceives it. *Regnavit a ligno Deus*.

The exquisite suavity and purity of Luini's genius appears in the fresco of the Madonna with the Lamb which hangs in the first chapel on the right. One can trace in the Virgin's face the oval contour and drooping eyelids of the Lionardo type, but not the enigmatic smile of Lionardo. Instead of that, a look of ineffable candour and calm considerate tenderness—

"Strong in grave peace, in pity circumspect".

There is little else in the pretty town to attract the lover of art. The cathedral, with a stately façade of the early renaissance, was when we saw it last in the hands of the restorers. From the terrace there is a view which challenges comparison with the glorious prospect of Lake Lemman from the terrace of the parish church at Montreux—a view which is more lovely by night than by day.

Looking out at night up the lake to Valsolda, we may see something to remind us of the outpost character of Lugano. A long beam of white light strikes from the shoulder of Monte Brè across the dark water almost to the opposite shore. It is the searchlight thrown by the Customs officials to detect any small vessels that may be slipping over to Lugano from the Italian part of the lake with contraband produce. But in spite of all this vigilance a considerable amount of goods that have never paid duty changes hands under the picturesque arcades of the Via Pessina.

THE CHEERFUL PESSIMIST.

WHEN the curtain falls on a farce and the street outside begins to claim its toll there unluckily comes a feeling of depression. You cannot pass along the street without paying out something in impression or sensation, and it is alarming to find that the precious stock of laughter is exhausted. The extravagance of spending laughter for three hours has left you penniless, and there is nothing to be done but to become serious with as good a grace as possible. This is not easy. The plunge from fiction into reality is rarely a congenial adventure, however well organised the reception may be, and in this case little is done to smooth the crisis over. There are cabs, but nothing else, and the men who drive them have suddenly become most deplorably serious. In such a situation it becomes clear that life does not return a very generous dividend of jokes and that the available capital must be judiciously invested. It seems likely that a tragedy would have paid better. After "Richard the Third" it is still possible to laugh, but who can even smile after "Charley's Aunt"?

The truth may be that in the end the pessimist is the most inspiring companion. The very cheerful man, the man who is prepared to feed his fun on everything, expects too high a standard of endurance and forgets that others have not the same easy access to food for laughter. The expense of keeping pace with his jokes causes early bankruptcy, but he will not be satisfied until he has realised his claim to the whole of your laughter. To take cover behind seriousness is impossible. He will mark your attempted strategy and will immediately bring you out into the open with another joke. There again you face him, wishing despairfully that he would tire of the pursuit and not rob you of the last precious laugh. But the symptoms of despair serve only as food for his humour, for there is no egoism so cruel as the egoism of the incorrigible humourist. The pessimist is a more kindly and inspiring companion. He expects no feat of jocular endurance and will stand by while others take their serious ease. Critical knowledge of his own weaknesses gives him consideration for all the foibles of humanity, and your failings are safe in his keeping. The humourist is always a propagandist with a serious mission, but the pessimist has so genial a gloom that he will make no effort to put anything right, however great the temptation may be. The perfect companion, whether in human or book form, is he who makes one's own lot appear the happier. Evidence of

the general acceptance of this can be found in the undisputed liking for the sad in art. All great art—which represents, of course, the response to the strongest call for companionship—is sad or tragic, and so supplies the human need for something that shall be more disastrous than life and make the common lot the brighter by contrast. Only very cheerful people can read a cheerful book or watch a cheerful play. Others must depend on tragedy.

So it happens that the pessimist has great cheering properties. He calls for no heroic response to jokes, no surrender of serious ease, no contribution to his own hilarity. He respects your comfort and can be trusted with the evening of a disastrous day. He will not expect to be supplied with material for laughter and will show no impatience with your misfortunes. Above all, he will not slap you on the back and tell you to cheer up. Rather he will take a professional pride in your misery and ask for more details to confirm his point of view. Then from his collection of greater miseries he will take the best and offer it proudly. This attitude of his cannot fail to be inspiring. Trouble can heal trouble better than can a joke. In book form he has the same valuable properties. Read an ugly tragedy and you are bound by the aid of comparison to be more cheerful at the end, for you learn what you have escaped. Mr. Hardy is one of the most cheering writers. A farce robs you of every laugh, but Mr. Hardy respects your property.

LETTERS FROM WILDER SPAIN:

IN A MARISMA.

By WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

SO much has been written and talked about the marismas of Southern Spain that it may be necessary to explain that the expression "marisma" refers to all salt marshes, salterns, tidal estuaries and flat country adjacent thereto, and is not, as some people seem to imagine, the peculiar appellation of a single district on the banks of the Guadalquivir which has been rendered famous by the chronic discovery and re-discovery within its much-advertised limits at irregular intervals during the last fifty years of "wild" camels. In fact, it is not necessary to go to Spain to see very similar tracts of land and water. The Thames from Tilbury downwards has much "marisma" along either shore, whilst Hayling Island and Portsmouth Harbour only lack the absence of man and his so-called improvements to be fair presentations of some portions of such country, and, were it only possible to provide them with a suitable backing of sandhills and pinewoods from Norfolk or Bournemouth, would closely resemble many a spot well known to sportsmen in Andalusia. The Spanish title, however, is a convenient one, and has the advantage of being well understood and of universal usage when describing tidal areas such as are found in the lower reaches of most rivers.

The peculiar attractions of the marismas to the naturalist lie, first, in the fact that few, very few, people ever trouble themselves to traverse them, and those that do are almost invariably poor fisher-folk in quest of bait for their long-lines or engaged in one of the non-descript jobs of the beachcomber all the world over. Secondly, owing to such districts being intersected and often isolated by deep tidal channels with muddy banks they are rarely visited by any save those obliged by their particular calling to do so. Naturally enough, such desolate and waste lands are most attractive to certain species of birds, which resort to them in search of peace and quiet. There is, of course, no little monotony in such dreary flats, but given fine weather, which is not far to seek in springtime in Spain, they possess a beauty of their own which is enchanted by their picturesque surroundings, whilst to the naturalist they present many objects of interest not to be met with in more favoured and hospitable regions.

One of the difficulties of exploring any of these marismas lies in the fact that such regions are usually roadless ones, and it is not always easy to get within

reach of them or to remain there without the aid of a boat large enough to use as a temporary dwelling. I have had some experience of this sort of thing, and very interesting it is. But there are marismas and marismas. On the occasion about to be described I had reached a point by land, where I had chartered a small boat, and with the aid of a couple of men rowed along the deep channels and landed and explored various flat islands.

It was a brilliant and unusually hot day in the middle of May; the tide was out, exposing long stretches of brown mudbanks along the river and its endless side-channels. The dead flat of the marisma was of a dull greenish-gray, broken at intervals by sheets of glistening water. Where the marisma ended, low undulating ground, vividly green with young corn, skirted the lower slopes of the wooded hills, whilst in the far distance the sharp outlines of the sierras appeared in every shade of purple and pale blue. On one side of the river steep sandhills, densely grown with cistus, lentiscus and other scrub, and dotted with stone pines, jutted down towards the shore. As we rowed along the deep tidal channel we had a good opportunity of noting the various waders which were dallying amid such congenial surroundings on their way to the far north to breed. Along the water's edge were scores of little Dunlins in their bright nesting plumage, mixed with Redshanks and Kentish Plovers. Higher up the banks were several small flocks of Whimbrel, and their well-known tremulous call could be heard on all sides. Curlews were whistling and flying around, and as we rounded a point I spied some Grey Plover in their splendid silver and black nuptial dress feeding among a party of lesser shore birds. It is curious how all these birds, many of which breed very far north of our islands, should linger in Southern Spain until the middle of May.

Landing on one of the islands, we proceeded to explore it. The surface was only just above the level of ordinary spring tides, thickly overgrown with the marine herbage so familiar to all who have visited the muddy estuaries round our shores. Narrow and deep channels cut by successive tides as the waters subsided and drained off the main surface intersected the ground in every direction. Many of the more narrow of these were almost hidden by the rank sea-bent and campion, which flourished with exceeding vigour for some yards on either side of every channel. It did not take us long to discover that such bird-life as was to be found on the island was mainly congregated in these places. The richly coloured Blue-headed Yellow Wagtail was nesting on the ground amid this growth, and we found several of their well-concealed nests with four and five eggs. The only other small birds were the Fantail Warbler and the ubiquitous Stone-chat. Now and again we put a Wild Duck off her nest, skilfully concealed in the thickest part of the marine scrub, and still oftener we came across the fragments of ducks' eggshells, showing that some egg-stealers had been at work. Nor was it hard to identify the criminals, for on every side of us beautiful Montagu's Harriers were quartering the marisma. These graceful birds are marvellously light on the wing, if possible even more so than the Hen Harriers, which they resemble so closely. Nearly all those we saw at this time were adult males in their delicate silver-grey dress with black-tipped wings, the brown-plumaged females being all busily engaged in incubation.

After watching the movements of some of them, we decided upon the portion of marshland we would first examine, and made our way to it. Soon, as we passed through some scattered marine herbage not two feet high, a female Montagu's Harrier rose almost at our feet and skimmed away. A short search revealed her nest—a smooth hollow with the slightest apology of a lining of fine grasses—in which lay three white eggs, almost globular in shape. As the old bird left the nest, her uniform brown plumage, relieved by a bar of white at the base of the tail, was most noticeable. Her mate shortly afterwards settled on a small bush some two hundred yards off, where by the aid of a field-glass it was easy to see the black band across his closed silvery

wings, the unmistakable marking of this species and which serve to distinguish it from others. Having thus once found a nest, it was comparatively simple work to find others. By walking slowly along any portion of the marisma where the herbage was rather higher and ranker in growth than elsewhere, and letting my retriever work, we put a number of Harriers off their nests, all or nearly all in situations similar to the first and skilfully concealed from the casual passer-by by overshadowing sprays. Some nests contained six eggs, others five, four or three or even less. The great majority were pure white, but in one nest three out of the four eggs were marked with delicate rust-coloured splashes and spots. So long as we remained near the nests the old birds sailed around at some distance, but as soon as we withdrew, the females dropped down into the scrub and resumed sitting. It was interesting to see a dozen of these graceful birds on the wing at once, and one not often vouchsafed to the wandering naturalist. They seem to be peculiarly local in their habits, and to be able to obtain as much food as they require within a radius of a very few miles of their nests, hunting not only the marisma itself most diligently but the surrounding low country, cultivated hills, fallows or scrub-lands. Their food is largely insectivorous, but lizards, small molluscs and of course the eggs of other birds seem to attract them greatly.

The only other occupants of this portion of these deserted flats were a few pairs of Spoonbills, which nest in situations very similar to the Harriers, but make more elaborate and better-concealed nests. At the time of our visit we saw none with eggs. The old birds, snowy-white in plumage, with their cumbersome long black beaks, present a curious sight on the wing. They seem to be as silent as the Stork, and when disturbed near their nests fly slowly away without uttering a sound. It is a popular belief among the inhabitants that the White Stork has no tongue and so has to conduct its conversation with its mate by the castanet-like clattering of its long red beak. No such tale attaches to the equally silent Spoonbill, possibly because, owing to its extremely shy and retiring habits, which cause it to resort to the most secluded and least disturbed portions of the reedy lagunas and desolate marismas, unlike the conspicuous and confiding Stork, its very existence is known to but few.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GERMANY AND THE BRITISH MENACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 September 1910.

SIR,—Under the above heading you say the paper by Professor L. Brentano "is written in a spirit of bitter resentment". I conclude that such a tone is manifest in the original; it appears to me to be entirely absent in the translation given by your contemporary "The Nation".

In the last paragraph of your article you use the words "There is only one circumstance which could make it possible for us to abandon our present doctrine of capture—that is the acceptance of compulsory service".

On that point I wish to join issue. Why compulsory service? Why not compulsory military training, leaving it to patriotism to volunteer when need arose?

The experience seems to have been general that when disaster overtook our arms in the Boer War there was no lack of volunteers, but there was a most deplorable lack of the necessary training.

Compulsory service is open to many objections to which compulsory military training is not. Among the more important of such objections is that compulsory service may be taken as a standing menace against Germany, but compulsory training (which would relieve us of the need, or, as some would say, the excuse, for our overwhelming navy) can only be looked upon as defence, not aggression.

It may of course be said that the fact of having compulsory military training would not defend our food supplies, but I think it will be agreed that an increasing public look for a safeguard against national starvation along the lines of intensive cultivation rather than in the direction of the preservation of our communications.

Yours etc.,

J. E. F.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AS A SYMBOL OF EMPIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 September 1910.

SIR,—As a Colonial-born Englishman and one who has served the land of his nativity for twenty years in the humbler walks of official life, may I be permitted to offer a protest against Lord Plymouth's absurd scheme, as set forth in his recent letter to the "Times", for associating the Crystal Palace with King Edward VII. and his subjects beyond the seas.

It is a curious and regrettable fact that many well-intentioned persons, even amongst those who, in the words of Mr. Chamberlain, endeavour to "think imperially", in seeking for means of effecting closer union between our colonies and the mother-country, invariably alight upon the sordid and by no means flattering expedient of appealing to the commercial instincts of our overseas communities by dwelling on the material advantages to be derived from reciprocal trade relations and exhibitions of products and resources, as if the colonials had no thoughts beyond filling their pockets and swelling the revenues of their respective public exchequers to the tune of "God Save the King"! They grievously err who attribute such mercenary sentiments to our kinsmen of the overseas dominions. These dwellers in the distant parts of the empire are every whit as romantically minded, every whit as capable of being deeply touched by the splendid traditions of our ancient Monarchy and Constitution, as the most fervid latter-day Royalist. The memories they cherish of King Edward and their sense of duty towards the mighty empire over which he presided are scarcely likely to acquire additional romance by association with the Crystal Palace, connected as it is in their minds and that of the British public generally with the prosaic rejoicings of beanfeasters and members of the "Ancient Order of Foresters", enlivened by pyrotechnical displays of considerable magnitude and brilliancy!

If Lord Plymouth's scheme is carried into effect, one may imagine the feelings of Macaulay's New Zealander as he gazes from his aeroplane upon the Palace—that is if it is still standing, and for the sake of posterity I hope it won't be: (Macaulay's N. Z.) "What is that big cucumber frame?" (Aero-chauffeur) "Hush! that's not a cucumber frame; it's the British nation's tribute to their great King Edward VII., where you may see all your products and resources displayed, and for a guinea a year get bands, billiards and ballets." (Macaulay's N. Z.) "Thanks! I'll make a note of that for my 'Decline and Fall of the British Empire'. No, we won't descend. Top speed now for the ruins of S. Paul's!"

If some tangible evidence of national esteem for King Edward is required, in which our dominions are to take a share, let it be, for example, in the nature of an imperishable monument such as Cecil Rhodes has raised unto himself: a far-seeing, comprehensive scheme of university extension, either in the shape of a university itself or of colleges affiliated or co-ordinated with Oxford and Cambridge, and endowed in perpetuity for the benefit of the sons of the Empire. Something to the glory of God, to the advancement of human thought and for the development of those sterling qualities of heart and mind that endeared King Edward to the world at large and made him—not a bombastic war lord or a theatrical flourisher of the mailed fist, but a sage leader of men and a living exponent

of the truth that "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war". Has the worthy nobleman forgotten that costly fiasco, the Imperial Institute? Let me jog his memory. King Edward, when Prince of Wales, conceived the idea of affording to the overseas dominions some outward and visible sign of the mother-country's interest in their welfare, and so with the gracious co-operation of his august mother an institute was opened with the object of combining the advantages of a social club with those of a permanent exhibition of the resources and products of the empire. Generous and patriotic Rajahs showered down their lakhs of rupees, the dominions themselves subscribed liberally out of their public funds; but all in vain. The scheme was a failure, and the Imperial Institute stands in suitable proximity to the Natural History Museum, gaunt and melancholy. Why? Not, as some sneeringly said, because the colonials received no material benefit, but because the right human chord was not touched in their hearts. "Imperial Institutes" are but a pallid symbol of that England whose sons "hold sway over regions Caesar never knew". A score of tickets for a Jubilee or a Coronation do more to foster the colonial's attachment to the throne and country than as many Imperial Institutes and Crystal Palaces. The colonials are sentimentalists in these things, or they long ago would have found George Washingtons.

On the occasion of Coronations, Jubilees, Royal Funerals and such like ceremonies, dear to his imagination, the colonial visitor is made to play the part of Lazarus and be content with the crumbs that fall from the official table in the shape of a few tickets grudgingly and contemptuously thrown to him after butlers and cooks have had their pick. As Lord Chesterfield says, "A man will forgive an injury, but he will never forget an insult"; and the colonial has a long memory! It is useless for our armchair statesmen to talk glibly about "cementing the bonds of Empire" if the cement is composed of such shoddy material. The colonial may be an ass in the opinion of Right Hon. Panjandrums and their departmental subordinates—but he is not a silly ass!

Cecil Rhodes, with marvellous insight into human nature and with an appreciation of the value of directing the young mind towards a given objective—as practised with success by the disciples of Ignatius Loyola—has instructed his gardeners to take the young saplings from their native soil and plant them for a while in his nursery at Oxford, and from thence, after careful nurturing and pruning, to be transplanted to their original country, to bloom and bring forth fruits each after its kind. Every young scholar that enjoys Rhodes' educational bounty returns to his native land ecstasied, as it were, by the glamour of Oxford and all that Oxford means. To him she is England at her best, and whatever opinion he may hold of his benefactor as politician or statesman it is Cecil Rhodes the imperial-minded Englishman, the maker of men, who will live enshrined in his heart's core. "Not marble nor the gilded monuments of princes shall outlive" the legacy of the man who, being dead, yet speaketh from his granite grave in the Matoppo Hills. Let Lord Plymouth and his friends ponder these things in their hearts and think no more about the Crystal Palace as a nation's tribute to a great King.

I am conscious of the fact that this communication is characterised by a levity not usually associated with the temperate tone of the SATURDAY REVIEW; but Lord Plymouth's scheme is "une chose pour rire".

I enclose my card, but subscribe myself

VINDEX.

CONSERVATIVES IN LONDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 Cotleigh Road, West Hampstead N.W.

17 September 1910.

SIR,—The London Conservative journals no longer have much influence on the London voter, probably

because they are not Conservative, but merely the organs of rich Keltic and alien cosmopolitans; while many London Conservatives do not vote for Conservative candidates probably because the latter are not Conservatives, but frequently Jewish plutocrats who have secured nomination as Conservative candidates by indirect bribery, and who, if elected, will place their own racial interests before the interests of England and the English.

Respectfully yours,
JOSEPH BANISTER.

COSMOPOLITAN NOBILITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Gurteen-le-Poor, Kilsheelan, Co. Waterford,
19 September 1910.

SIR,—In the SATURDAY REVIEW of 17 September, under the above heading, reference is made to the barony of Le Poer and Coroghmore, and as the reference conveys a doubt as to whether "the barony ever had any existence", I give an extract from a letter written by Lord Chancellor Audley to Thomas Cromwell, dated 13 September 1535, in which Audley says: "I have also made two Patents for two Barons in Ireland, that is to say, to Sir Richard Power Kt. and Thomas Eustace gentleman. Cowley* shewed me that the old course to make Barons there is to have Letters Patent out of the Chancery here in England; wherefore I have made and sealed the same Patents, and send them unto you for speede of the dispatch of Ireland matters, praying you to move the Kings Grace therof, and to order the said patents as shall stand with his pleasure".† In October 1535, the receipt of these Patents was acknowledged by a "Bill indented made the tenth daie of October in the xxvij yer of the reigne of our Sovereigne Lord King viii, witnesseth that, I, John Alen, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, have received of the right honourable Mr. Thomas Crumwell, principal Secretarie to our said Sovereigne Lorde, two Patents, one of creation for Thomas Ewstace, another like to Sir Richard Power, of Barons of Parliament in Ireland."‡

Yours faithfully,
E. DE LA POER.

* Cowley, Clerk of the Crown, Ireland.

† State Papers Henry VIII., vol. 2, No. 68. Record Tower, Dublin Castle.

DESTRUCTION OF MIGRANT SUMMER BIRDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 September 1910.

SIR,—Many of the summer birds are just departing for foreign countries, and there is always fearful destruction at this time of the year, especially on the Sussex and Lincolnshire coasts, in and about Bridlington Quay, on the Norfolk Broads and the Yorkshire Wolds. We are at the end of the close season when the bird-catchers, collectors and amateur sportsmen with their emissaries begin their disastrous work of slaughter, and to read of the havoc which they commit in almost every part of the British Isles is well calculated to fill anyone with disgust. It is evident that additional legislation is wanted. At present it might almost be said that the birds are carefully preserved during the close season in order that there may be all the more to slaughter at the end. Your readers who are interested in bird life should urge upon their parliamentary representative the need of fresh legislative action, which should make the protective law general in terms and operative throughout the year, and should enumerate just those species which are to be without the pale of protection, not those which are to be within it as at present.

Yours etc.,
JOSEPH COLLINSON.

THE NEW BRONZE COINAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Exeter, 3 September 1910.

SIR,—Replying to "Artist's" letter in your issue of to-day, I would call his attention (1) to the consideration that his æsthetic objection to the lighthouse and ship formerly on our bronze was probably raised when the design was proposed, and (2) to the fact that the distinguished sculptor who holds the commission to design for the new coinage the head-portrait of our present King has expressed to me his sympathy with my contention that the lighthouse and ship should be restored.

I have only to add that I feel the support of Mr. Bertram Mackennal in the matter is fully sufficient for me.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
H. MAXWELL PRIDEAUX.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIFTH SYMPHONY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Overstrand.

SIR,—May I be permitted to question some remarks made in your issue of 10 September on the fifth symphony of Tchaikovsky by Mr. John F. Runciman? He speaks of it as the "most hysterical piece of music ever written". It is difficult to understand how any serious musical critic can dismiss a big work such as this in these terms. Many modern-day thinkers consider it the best of all Tchaikovsky's symphonies, and certainly there are times when it rises to heights of inspiration, surpassing any attained even in the "Pathetic". Its slow movement is a good instance of this, for it reaches a degree of calm serenity and beauty which are far removed from sensational or hyper-emotional effects. I have heard this symphony played by several different European orchestras, and I realise that a certain dignity and breadth pervade the music which could not possibly have been reached had the composer been, as Mr. Runciman avers, in a completely unbalanced state of mind.

One cannot but be sorry for the man whose nerves are such that such music "gets on his nerves".

Yours faithfully,
D. H.

"ROYAL SPADES."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Andalgala, Argentina, 1 August 1910.

SIR,—I read with much interest in your issue of 25 June a letter by "Lynx" on "Royal Spades". I notice "Lynx" is undecided whether he approves or not. We have played this convention in this out-of-the-way part of the world for some time, and find it undoubtedly lends more interest to the game. I was surprised he made no mention of the latest new declaration, "Chinese Trumps", as it, like "Royal Spades", proves an additional attraction. As you, Sir, are doubtless aware, in the declaration of "Chinese Trumps" the value of the cards is entirely inverted. The deuce becomes the highest value and the ace the lowest. The play otherwise and values of tricks is the same as No Trumps. There are no honours. A "Yarborough"—most depressing of hands—thus becomes a fine hand, and this declaration gives the dealer and his partner—who may have a very poor hand, say a Spade declaration, not a "Royal Spade"—the chance of making an offensive declaration with "Chinese Trumps".

There is little doubt that both the "Chinese Trumps" and "Royal Spade" declarations have come to add additional interest to the game of bridge, and, in my opinion at least, to stop.

Yours truly,
GRAHAM BROWN.

THE CRESCENT MOON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bradden Rectory.

SIR,—May I, through the medium of the SATURDAY REVIEW, call the attention of authors, generally, and the reviewers of their books, to a mistake very commonly made by the former, and, so far as I have observed, universally overlooked by the latter. I mean that an author constantly speaks of the "young crescent moon" as shining at any hour of the evening from eight o'clock till nearly midnight, and in no review that I have ever seen has this strange astronomical phenomenon been noticed as anything out of the common. In the last example of this mistake that I have read, the writer spoke of the "young moon" as rising at 11 P.M. Surely a moment's thought would have shown how impossible this is, since the young moon must necessarily set within an hour or so of the sun. Many years ago my father drew the attention of the late William Black to a similar error in one of his own books, and he readily acknowledged his mistake. Is it possible the reviewers have never noticed such a mistake, or do they not even know that it is a mistake?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

C. BLATHWAYT.

[We have seen a picture, too, where the artist has placed a star between the horns of the crescent moon.—
ED. S. R.]

GRAVAMINA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 September 1910.

SIR,—Although a fervent Catholic (Roman) and a strong Clerical, I cannot but deplore with others of my faith the unwise utterances and actions of so many highly placed ecclesiastics, from his Holiness the Pope downwards. As I need hardly tell you, the successor of S. Peter is only deemed infallible when he promulgates doctrine "ex cathedra"—in other matters he may and often is ill-judged or unwise, usually acting upon the advice of others.

The present Pope is a holy man, born of peasant parents, reared as a peasant and having spent the whole of his life in Riese Treviso and Venice, until he was (to his own deep regret) chosen for the papal chair.

His natural impulses are always right, such as his constant and earnest desire to leave the seclusion of the Vatican, but he is overruled by the powerful clique who control the Catholic Church in Rome.

The late order as to the reading of newspapers by young priests, and many other orders of the kind that space forbids me to mention, would never have been given by that politic man of the world Leo XIII.

Now in England we have an Archbishop. He sometimes makes the gravest mistakes as to things advisable (in the interests of the Church) to say and do. At the Congress lately held in England he unintentionally affronted most of the English Catholics present, and did not please the Irish by forbidding the National Anthem to be played or sung.

In his speech as to the Declaration he stated he had thanked Mr. Redmond (an anti-Clerical) and Mr. Asquith (a Nonconformist), and never mentioned Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Edmund Talbot and others of the same party to whom the real merit of passing the Act altering the Declaration is due. Now in Canada he has made another mistake. Anyone who is acquainted with the French-speaking provinces of Canada, and with the villages in the interior occupied by what are called "Les Habitants", knows their language is almost as dear to them as is their religion, and any attempt to ostracise the former might bring about a very strained situation. In his speech Archbishop Bourne has sown seeds of a discontent and ill-feeling the result of which will not easily be eradicated.

I remain yours faithfully,

AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC.

REVIEWS.

PRIMATE AND KING.

"Thomas Becket: a Maker of National History." By W. H. Hutton. London: Pitman. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.

FEW, if any, Churchmen of the Middle Ages are so well known in England as Becket, and of no one is the reputation abroad so great, especially in those parts of France which witnessed his exile. The Cistercian Abbey of Pontigny, which first gave him refuge, is now a ruin, the chapel dedicated to him is gone, but his memory is cherished in the great church, which still stands a noble memorial of the Early Gothic style. At Sens we are constantly reminded of him. The cathedral has a chapel that bears his name, an effigy in stone which in all probability is his, and some vestments which by tradition he wore. Mr. Hutton also reminds us that William of Sens, the architect of the nave and aisles of the cathedral, who must have been at work when Becket was there, subsequently went on to Canterbury to aid in building, if not to design, the splendid piece of Early English architecture which is known as "Becket's crown", thus linking together the place of Becket's exile with that of his death. Finally, of that martyrdom the great cathedral of Chartres has a bas-relief.

"Still more famous and more enduring", says Mr. Hutton, "are the memorials which remain in the literature of Europe. The Becket cycle is one of the treasures of mediæval literature." First, there are the letters which fill three volumes of the materials collected by the late Canon Robertson. Besides the letters of the Saint himself, we have those of friend and foe alike: John of Salisbury, scholar and philosopher, "full of insight; John of Poitiers, full of sympathy"; Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of Hereford and then of London, Becket's life-long enemy, "full of bitterness; Pope Alexander, full of hesitation and change. Henry's abrupt, angry periods read as if they were dictated by himself. Cardinals write things soothing, bishops cry peevishly when they are scolded, clerks strive to show a knowledge of law; and monks a knowledge of the world. All through there is a sense of actuality, of the feelings of men who deal with difficult crises and great principles. . . . We are brought face to face with the men of a great age" and "into the veriest intimacy of their life".

It is especially from the chroniclers and the biographers that we learn how deeply public opinion was interested in the Becket controversy. Of professed biographies there are six English, four of which are of great value: one by John of Salisbury, Becket's wise adviser; another by Herbert of Bosham, his favourite disciple; and the other two by William FitzStephen and Grimm, who both witnessed his martyrdom. Foreigners also wrote Lives of him, and even Scandinavia has its Saga. To these we should add many anonymous biographies, English poems, French metrical Lives, and the chroniclers of the day, all of whom deal more or less copiously with the story. Indeed, Mr. Hutton is justified in saying that for a hundred years no man of letters could keep his pen from the life of the martyred Primate of All England.

That the interest thus displayed was largely owing to the tragic circumstances of Becket's death and to the personal courage which he displayed throughout is no doubt true. Nevertheless the questions at issue between King and prelate were of great importance, touching as they did the relations between Church and State. It cannot be denied that the Constitutions of Clarendon, formal adhesion to which Henry II. demanded of Becket, were really something more than the old "customs" of the realm. The clauses which reserved all cases of advowsons and all cases of debt to the King's court, though to our minds reasonable and salutary, were certainly contrary to custom. On these points, however, compromise would have been possible. But the eighth clause, which forbade appeals from the

Archbishop's court without the King's assent, directly attacked the Papal right of hearing appeals from the ecclesiastical courts. The claim had never been heard before since the Norman Conquest, nor was it ever to be enforced till Henry VIII. by his Act of Appeals finally broke from the Papacy. Last, we come to the crucial point of all, the attack on "the privilege of clergy". Since the Norman Conquest at least the ecclesiastical courts had claimed jurisdiction over all clerks accused of any crime less than treason. The exact meaning of the clause is a matter of some dispute, but it seems that Professor Maitland was correct in asserting that Henry did not wish to deny to the Church courts the privilege of trying a criminal clerk nor of punishing by penance and excommunication. He only demanded that the clerk should answer to the King's court for his offence against the law, and that if found guilty by the ecclesiastical court he should be handed over for punishment by the civil power. Dr. Maitland has given some reason for stating that the royal demand has support in the Canon Law, and certainly the question was so decided not long after by Innocent III. In any case, though penance and degradation were no light punishments, it was inequitable that a clerk should escape the condign punishment of death meted out to other murderers. We should further bear in mind that the term "clerk" was elastic, including not only priests but deacons, monastic servants and apparently all who were under the protection of the Church. Nevertheless there was some force in Becket's arguments that if a clerk were to be degraded and then executed for the same offence he would be twice punished. A more serious objection lay in the attack which would thereby be made on the favourite theory of the day; that clerks were a privileged class set apart from the laity and therefore amenable alone to Church courts. If therefore Henry II. was right in wishing to assert the supreme authority of the law over all classes of his subjects—and, to do him justice, we must judge of the Constitutions in their relation to his other judicial reforms—yet Becket was asserting a principle which was widely acknowledged and which many held imperative if the Church was to perform her true function as moral censor in the world.

It is possible that the controversy might have been settled if the King and his Primate had been at all fitted to work out a compromise; and thus the controversy soon becomes mixed up with questions of personal character and behaviour. Here Henry would appear primarily to blame. Instead of treating the controversy as a question of principle, he took Becket's opposition as a personal affront. He flew into violent passions, he insulted the Primate by calling him the son of one of his villeins, he omitted to send him his proper summons to the Council of Northampton. He raked up old financial claims arising out of his Chancellorship. The Primate was not the man to bear such treatment, and, besides, he not unnaturally became convinced that the King was aiming at total subjection of the spiritual to the lay power. Finally, refusing to make answer for charges on which he had not been summoned or to be condemned unheard, he fled the kingdom and appealed to the public opinion of the Church and to the Pope. The period of his exile—it lasted six years (1164-1170)—carries us into the midst of European politics. Had the Pope Alexander III. had a free hand, he would probably soon have brought Henry to terms. But, afraid of driving the English King into the arms of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who was at that time supporting a schismatic pope, he pursued a feeble and vacillating course. Louis VII. of France, who had his quarrels with Henry, welcomed the fugitive and championed his cause. Henry now stormed, now attempted a reconciliation. Becket stood firm. He excommunicated the bishops who had taken the King's side, and though he offered to accept the "Constitutions", he would do so only "saving his order" or if the King would give him the kiss of peace.

At last Henry gave way. The political situation was very unfavourable. The King of France was threatening war; Alexander, having triumphed over the

schismatic pope, was seriously thinking of placing England under an Interdict; the popularity of Becket was growing in England and abroad. Henry therefore made his submission. The Constitutions of Clarendon were not mentioned; no oath was asked of the Primate. The King promised to restore all the possessions of the Archbishop which he had seized, peace and security to all the supporters of Becket, even the kiss of peace if the demand were pressed. The Archbishop now consented to return to England, but, as his letters show, he did so with grave forebodings. Henry did not keep his promises. He avoided the kiss of peace; the restoration of property was delayed. On the other hand, Becket declined to withdraw the sentence of excommunication against the bishops until they had made their submission. Enraged at this news, the King let fall those rash words which, taken literally by four knights of his household, led to murder of the Primate. The Pope at once placed England under an Interdict. Henry was held responsible for the murder, and his complete humiliation reminds one how powerful was the hand of the Church. He submitted to the penance imposed upon him and abandoned the Constitutions of Clarendon.

Some historian has stated that the moral victory lay with Henry II. The statement is unfortunate and most incorrect. The Church had triumphed. With the one exception of clerks accused of breach of the forest laws, the privilege of clergy remained intact for more than three hundred years. The Pope retained his right of hearing appeals. The strength of the Papacy was shortly to be seen again in the victory of Innocent III. over John. In spite of the masterful hand of Edward I., the power of Church and of the Pope, for which Becket had died, was stronger in England during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries than in France or Germany, protected as they were by their Pragmatic Sanction and their Concordats, and it is significant that the destruction of Becket's tomb was the work of Thomas Cromwell, who taught Henry VIII. to break from Rome and to make the Church subservient to his will.

Becket in his death had won a great victory for his order. But he had done more. In fighting for ecclesiastical privilege he had, though perhaps not wholly consciously, been championing the cause of liberty against a too powerful Crown. Above all, he had stood up for the rights of conscience and had once more taught kings that there was, beyond an appeal to arms, the rights of conscience and the moral opposition which the Church in her best days not unfrequently led.

This it was which, apart from the technical points of dispute, appealed to the people of England, and justifies Mr. Hutton in placing the Archbishop among "the makers of national history".

RADICAL STOCK IN TRADE.

"A Modern Outlook." By J. A. Hobson. London: Herbert and Daniel. 1910. 5s. net.

WHAT the outlooker sees depends a good deal on the transparency of the glass and on whether his eyes are accustomed to look further than across the street. Mr. Hobson's "Studies of English and American Tendencies", reprinted from the columns of the "Nation", are seldom in focus. The articles on social and literary subjects are readable and shrewd, but what can be said for those which deal with religious and political topics, except that this is the sort of thing readers of Liberal papers like and are accustomed to? Mr. Hobson's volume begins so well with an essay on the lost art of conversation, which died out with the salon in France and the coffee-house in England, he laments so eloquently the banishment of all serious discussion from ordinary intercourse and the substitution of superficial banter, that we quite hoped he was going to show us, jewelled snuff-box in hand, what graceful and intellectual conversation used to be, or at least to cross his legs and have his talk out. And, indeed, one or two really excellent and thoughtful chapters follow.

But soon we are dragged into a slough of democratic conventionalities, and the book tails off into Radical leading articles—we cannot call them essays—about “The Church for the People”, the Social Soul, the iniquities of the parasitic (i.e. the income-tax paying) class, which appears to consist entirely of imbecile dukes ordering servile shopkeepers to vote Tory, and “the two Englands”, that noble Trade-Unionist England of the north which went to the poll last January for Mr. Asquith’s Government, and that cathedral-ridden, priest-dominated England of the south which didn’t. The book ends with an hysterical screed called “The Sacred Rage of the People”, which rage appears to have swept unnoticed “from one end of the civilised world to the other, from Paris to Montevideo”, on the announcement of the execution of a chevalier of the anarchist industry whom it would be an understatement to describe as a bloodthirsty miscreant. It is also since the murders of Indian and Egyptian officials that Mr. Hobson penned the sentence about the best prophylactic against sedition and assassination being “more faith in the people”.

We begin to doubt whether jokes are not after all better than this kind of “intellectual seriousness”, and become almost placable again when Mr. Hobson gibes at the belted earls of the Upper House of Parliament as—to the number of eighty—jug-and-bottle lords. That sort of thing is merely smart party journalism. We are prepared to laugh also at the remark that the hopeless crudity of Western methods of dealing with Oriental fanaticism is dramatised in a terse telegram which appeared some years ago in the London Press—“A new saint has appeared in the Swat Valley; the police are after him”. But then he relapses into solemnity, and assures us that “the Anglo-Saxon mission to spread Protestant forms of Christianity appealing to private judgment, and governmental theories involving the basic conception of the rights of the governed, is manifestly inconsistent with the forceful control of subject races”—an inconsistency of which the American autocracy in the Philippines got rid, he says, by prohibiting the circulation of the Declaration of Independence as a “damned incendiary document”. We begin to think that the essay called “Co-partnership in Nature”, which we had enjoyed as clever fooling, was seriously intended after all, and that Mr. Hobson concedes not only to his gardener, but to the aboriginal moles and rabbits, to that still earlier occupying owner the earthworm, to the fertilising bees and grubs and beetles, yes, and to cabbage and dandelion and beechtree, a superior vested right in the soil of his Surrey garden to his own. *La propriété c’est le vol*. Granted that he is a superior being—Mr. Hobson is not sure of this—how can he as a good Liberal govern these subjects of his without their consent? The enlightened Progressive holds that man, not God, is the measure and centre of all things; but why not go further? Why should anthropocentrism be more valid, from the cosmic standpoint, than avicentricism or apicentricism, or, we may add, caulicentricism? Mr. Hobson, with his one Limpsfield acre, appears after all to be no better than a many-acred duke. He is a territorial magnate, an evicting landlord, a monopolist of that which the Creator intended to be free to all His creatures.

In “A Plea for Controversy” Mr. Hobson laments that politicians and other controversialists never nowadays come to close quarters. They throw out no grappling irons, order up no boarding parties. Timid groups of skirmishers take long shots at half-seen figures and then scuttle to cover. Such sloppymindedness excuses itself as politeness and moderation, but really arises from no one having any real convictions which he dares to push home. We play round large issues with an elaborate ritual of avoidance. Ideas to the modern Englishman are something almost reprehensible. Well, then, we invite Mr. Hobson to set his fellow men an example of consistency by really grappling with this question of his garden and the subject races in it which are so despotically ruled by him. If he will not do so, he ought to forswear Liberal formulas for ever. But

he seems to have subscribed slave to every cheap mental nostrum in the Liberal pharmacopœia. What could be sillier, for example, than the stale fudge about the Church of England remaining ever a stronghold of reaction instead of becoming a fountain of national inspiration, or about her refusal to throw her creeds, rites and government into a Progressive melting-pot? The blasphemous phrase about the “Magnificat” being the “Marseillaise of humanity” is paraded in order to insinuate that the Church is haughty and indifferent to the humble and meek merely because the clergy do not always side with the powerful and aggressive Labour Party or wish the village blacksmith to be made a magistrate. The old fallacy that Christianity should be concerned only with “humanitarian” causes is assumed, and the stereotyped sneer at Bishops—who, by the by, are usually Radicals—as successors of the Galilean fishermen dwelling in palaces and ranking with peers of the realm appears once more. Mr. Hobson is clear, at any rate, that the modern democratic community cannot consent to “break off from the unity of its collective life a sphere of spiritual conduct and hand it over to the governance of a little group of men claiming to wield divine powers magically transmitted”. We suppose this means that Liberalism intends to go on persecuting Catholic Christianity for daring to be built on some other basis than the popular will.

MR. DOOLEY’S TROUBLESOME NONSENSE.

“Mr. Dooley Says.” London: Heinemann. 1910.
3s. 6d. net.

PERHAPS it is too soon to ask the unreserved admirers of Mark Twain to admit that he was not a great “humourist”. It would be better, perhaps, at this time to dwell more upon the good qualities of his work than upon the bad. The difficulty is that in Mark Twain and his fellows the bad and the good cannot be severed. Either you swallow these American humourists whole, or you do not stomach them at all. Begin to winnow away the chaff, and you will find when the winnowing is done that there is very little left. As wit the stuff is clumsy and blunt. As literature it will never count. As humour or satire—the terms are a misnomer. None of it—not the best of Mark Twain—will bear comparison with anything classically comic, classically humorous, or classically satiric. To think for a moment of Molière, or of Shakespeare, or of Swift in connexion with this American “humour” is impossible. To think, even, of Congreve, or of Thackeray, or of Voltaire is to throw down “The Tramp Abroad” with a kind of wonder to catch oneself reading it. We doubt if it is even possible to think of Sir Arthur Pinero, or of Lady Gregory and to feel quite comfortable with Artemus Ward. What, then, is the virtue of these American humourists at the best? Why do we refuse to examine them for fear of having to put them down? Scores of people who read Artemus Ward bolt him with a kind of relish; but, if they stopped to have a good look at him, they would recoil in something like disgust.

The quality that saves them is the quality that will save anybody and anything—the quality of being alive. The work may be crude—even vulgar; but the pages live. Mark Twain is not comic: he is comical. He is the big funny man—too full of life to be decorous, too full of life to do anything but shout with laughter and play the fool from sheer love of his kind. If we tried to hit off his work in a single word, we should say that it was gawky. It is the work of a grown man whose sentiments and outlook are still those of a boy not yet sure of his hands and feet. His fun is loud and shrill. And he is full of the boy’s unblunted tenderness, and half-ashamed of it. His deeper feeling will flash out awkwardly, and then be covered with a horse-laugh. He laughs in great gusts, and dashes his tears gustily away. We can forgive him his worst lapse because he does not seem old enough to know better.

Mr. Dooley has inherited the traditions of the American school—all the traditions but one. He has

the faults of the older Americans without the saving grace of their vitality. He is heavy-handed, not because he is too much alive to refine his ebullitions, but because he has not the skill or the strength to be light. We have often wondered in reading pages of Mark Twain what his work would be like if the life that informed it were taken away. In fancy we could never make this abstraction; for it was the fusion of the live element with the baser parts that gave the compound its peculiar quality. But in Mr. Dooley's books the miracle is visibly performed, and for the first time we realise to the full the flatness and the tedium of American "humour" grown to discretion. Discretion would have killed Mark Twain, but it never came near him.

To compare Mr. Dooley with Mark Twain may be instinctive; but it is hardly fair. Mark Twain had one supreme quality that amounted almost to genius, and he had the defects of that quality. Mr. Dooley is a commonplace journalist who expresses himself in a peculiar jargon. But Mr. Dooley has somehow come to be regarded as an institution. He has been extravagantly praised on every hand. "For every new Dooley Book . . . we are all Dooley thankful", "Punch" has said, unworthily enough. Elsewhere we hear that Mr. Dooley is superbly intelligent, with enough wit to stock a score of ordinary "humourists"; that his "satire" is "mordant"; and that he is never afraid of leaving a joke to explain itself. We will skim the cream from Mr. Dooley's account of a raid on the House of Commons by the suffragettes:

"An immense concourse iv forty iv thim gathered in London, an' marched up to th' House iv Commons, or naytional dormytory, where a loud an' almost universal snore proclaimed that a debate was ragin' over th' Bill to allow English gintlemen to marry their deceased wife's sisters before th' autopsy. In th' great hall iv Rufus some iv th' mightiest male intellocks in Britain slept undher ther hats, while an impassioned orator delivered a hem-stitched speech on th' subject iv th' day to th' attintive knees and feet iv th' Ministhry. . . . Undaunted by th' stairs iv th' building or th' rude jeers iv th' multichood, they advanced to th' very outside dures iv th' idifice. There an' overwhelmin' force iv three polismen opposed thim. 'What d'ye want, mum?' asked the polis. 'We demand th' suffrage', says th' commander iv th' army iv freedom. The brutal polis refused to give it thim, an' a desperate battle followed. . . . Hat-pins were dhrawn. Wan lady let down her back hair; another, bolder thin th' rest, done a fit on th' marble stairs; a third, p'raps rendered insane be sufferin' f'r th' vote, thruck a burly ruffyan with a Japanese fan on th' little finger iv th' right hand. Thin th' infuriated officers iv th' law charged on th' champeens iv liberty. A scene iv horror followed. Polismen seized ladies be th' arms, and led thim down th' stairs; others were carried out faintin' by th' tyrants. In a few minyits all was over, an' nawthin' but three hundhred hairpins remained to mark th' scene iv slaughter."

This is a very fair specimen of Mr. Dooley, and we have been at some pains in the selection. It reflects very faithfully the general tone and level of what Mr. Dooley says; and it contains, perhaps, the most successful sentence in the book—the sentence about the "mightiest male intellocks in Britain" which "slept undher ther hats". It is studded thickly with Dooley gems. Naytional dormytory, hem-stitched speech, attintive knees and feet iv th' Ministhry—these are in the best manner of Mr. Dooley. We admit that these phrases, spelt correctly, might all have figured in the pages of Mark Twain. But what a difference there would have been in the tone and swing of the whole passage! There is no swing about this of Mr. Dooley. The passage lumbers along from "naytional dormytory" to the "three hundhred hairpins" with a bare minimum of life to carry it through.

And does an Irish-American really speak the language of Mr. Dooley? If he does talk the phonetics of Mr. Dooley's book, he has our sympathy. Certainly he should lose no time in severing the home ties that remain to him. As for the true Irish accent, he is a bold man

that tries to get it on to paper. Synge did not attempt it, and Mr. Kipling had better have left it alone. We cannot believe that Mr. Dooley's mechanically perverse orthography represents any language or accent under the sun. We know it is not Irish.

COURT LIFE AT PEKING.

"La Vie Secrète de la Cour de Chine." Par Albert Maybon. Paris: Félix Juven. 1910. 3fr. 50c.

M. MAYBON'S attempt to let light into the dark corners of Chinese Court life may gain in interest from recent disclosures of intrigues and rivalries that tend to paralyse authority at Peking. Very few Chinese, even, know exactly what happens within the precincts of the imperial palace, and the author would probably not claim infallibility for the picture he presents; but it is surprising how much material one attempting such a task can make available. Edicts, for instance, are by no means always mirrors of truth; but they do record events—such as imperial deaths, successions, marriages, and official appointments and dismissals; though they may not mention how a death has been hastened, a succession arranged by intrigue, an appointment given by favouritism or purchase, or a dismissal brought about by enmity or jealousy. That part of the story leaks out along the overhead and underground wires, through the many devious channels by which news and gossip do find their way in Asia; and it is surprising how much truth the gossip is found to contain. The legends, for instance, which M. Maybon relates about the rivalries and peculiarities of the Empresses-Dowager of Hien Fung, regarding the deaths of Tung Che and Kwang Su, the pitiful attempts of both to emancipate themselves, and the intrigues surrounding the choice of their successors, were common talk at the time of the alleged happenings. Besides, have we not had Kang Yü-wei's terrific indictment of the late Empress-Dowager, which impelled her to set a price upon his head? The recent squabbles for seniority between the numerous relicts of Tung Che and Kwang Su, resulting in a "strike" of the former which it required the intervention of the Prime Minister to appease, are typical of what one might expect in a population of women and eunuchs; and we have seen more lately again, in the columns of the "Times", a whole story of intrigue and rivalry between a Regent party and a (young) Empress-Dowager party, which might almost lead one to forget the fifty years that have passed since similar episodes followed upon the death of Hien Fung, and that modern China is a reformed and progressive State!

The question has often been asked—Where power resides, at Peking? A perusal of M. Maybon's pages will lead to the negative conclusion that it is, at any rate, not in the hands of the Emperor! There have been great Emperors, even in the present dynasty; but the Kang Hi's and Kien Lung's lived a hundred and more years ago, and we have here instead a picture of eunuchs and women, intrigue and corruption, that nauseates even while it may interest the reader. M. Maybon may have drawn to a certain extent on his imagination for the setting—for the mortar in which the cobbles are placed—but the setting is at least characteristic, though some details might, even if true, have well been omitted; and Yuan Shih-kai—whether or no he be "disgraced for ever"—was not banished to Hunan, which is not his native province nor on the line (p. 298) from Peking to Hankow. The central figure of M. Maybon's canvas—the late Dowager-Empress, whose life story he has sought to describe—does not gain in attractiveness under his pen; and one would rise with a conviction that the Chinese people, at any rate, have a worse Government than they deserve, did we not know that China is governed in the provinces and not at Peking.

SPORT IN INDIA.

"Jungle By-Ways in India: Leaves from the Note-book of a Sportsman and a Naturalist." By E. P. Stebbing. London: Lane. 1910. 12s. 6d. net.

FROM the title selected by Mr. Stebbing one is led to hope that the note-book of the naturalist would supply many valuable original contributions to our knowledge of Indian natural history. Such, however, is unfortunately not the case, as this new work concerns itself almost entirely with shikár. It therefore misses a good opportunity in failing to supply the want that has long been felt for some well-qualified naturalist to write a book concerning India worthy of a place beside Wallace's "Malay Archipelago" and Bates' "On the Amazon". For such a work Mr. Stebbing has some of the necessary qualifications. Appointed to the Indian Forest Service in 1893, after the usual three years' probationary study at Cooper's Hill, he drifted into specialising in forest zoology and entomology, and some years ago became Imperial Zoologist at the Indian Forest College at Dehra Dún, on the narrow plain lying between the Siwalik Hills and the base of the Himalayan range to the east of the Jumna.

As a work on Indian shikár Mr. Stebbing's book suggests comparison with the well-known and charming "Highlands of Central India", by Captain Forsyth, also a forest officer, which was published about forty years ago, when Dr. Cleghorn in Madras and Dr. Brandis in Northern India were organising the early work of the then recently formed Forest Department. But such a comparison would perhaps hardly be fair, because Forsyth's admirable descriptions of forest scenery and of big-game shooting in the Central Provinces before 1870 were successfully combined with a pleasing literary style such as Mr. Stebbing appears not to have aimed at. Hence this new book is likely to appeal only to those who have had some experience of life and sport in the Indian jungles, and to serve as an informal and in many ways usefully suggestive guide to youthful shikáris. But these two classes of readers are larger now than ever before, though the big game has decreased to such an extent as makes Mr. Stebbing think that "without the most rigid protection, as exemplified by the formation of game sanctuaries and the limiting of the number of head shot annually in definite areas, there can be little doubt that all heavy-game shooting worthy of the name will at no distant date be a thing of the past in India". This statement must, however, be liberally discounted in view of the facts that in 1908, in British India alone, 909 persons were killed by tigers (455 in Bengal), 302 by leopards, 269 by wolves, and 19,738 by snakes; while 28,258 head of cattle were killed by tigers, 43,427 by leopards, 10,163 by wolves, 2,767 by hyænas, and 10,700 by snakes; and £10,494 was paid as rewards for the destruction of 17,926 wild animals and 70,494 snakes. It is somewhat remarkable that a book dealing with the jungle fauna says absolutely nothing about venomous snakes, by far the most dangerous of animals to forest officers in their ordinary routine work, especially in provinces like Burma, where the author made a long tour. The only kinds of snakes he mentions are harmless species, "such as the beautiful green bamboo snake", about which it would have been interesting to note the phenomenon that as the bamboo shoots change colour from green to yellow in the hot spring-time, so too does this little whip-like snake change its skin from a bright green to a vivid straw colour.

Mr. Stebbing's chief shooting-grounds appear to have been the various Dún skirting the southern outliers of the Himalayan range in the United Provinces, and the reserved forests in the Central Provinces. And he seems to have had a far more varied and fortunate experience of big-game shooting than falls to the lot of most of his brother-officers. His reminiscences of both successful and unsuccessful use of rifle and gun are very conveniently arranged in three parts, each subdivided into five or six chapters. Under "Part I.—

Antlers" are included all his notes on the various kinds of Indian deer and their habits and peculiarities; "Part II.—Horns" describes some thrilling adventures with bison, and gives notes on black buck and antelopes; while "Part III.—Pelts" treats of tiger-shooting, leopards, bear, hyæna, jackal and wild dogs.

The information given throughout the book should be valuable to young officers setting out on shooting expeditions, and all the more so owing to the very instructive sketches of footprints marking the tracks of different kinds of animals. But besides these there are numerous appropriate illustrations from photographs and pen-and-ink drawings which add greatly to the attractiveness of the book and also to its value to the young shikári.

In describing his encounters with bear Mr. Stebbing hints at publishing "Some Himalayan Sketches". Should he do so, it may be hoped that he will include among them a good many notes on natural history, such as those here given about lizards, tree-bugs and stick-insects; for their peculiarly distinctive habits are every bit as interesting as those of the larger animals.

NOVELS.

"Tales of the Tenements." By Eden Phillpotts. London: Murray. 1910. 6s.

If the reader did not see "Eden Phillpotts" writ large under the title of this book, he might picture the Tenements in modern municipal life; but as it is he can guess, and guess rightly, that this publisher's dozen of tales are bound up in "Dartmoor". No one of the thirteen is there but shouts South Devon at the reader, and as tales all are good reading—the first and last being perhaps the best. They deal with the simple themes of simple lives—love and marriage, money and revenge, family quarrels and affection—with the breadth and directness of a folk-ballad. Nearly all are supposed to be narrated by natives of the Tenements—ancient homesteads near the two arms of Dart—and there is a pleasant amount of cross-reference between tale and tale that lends the whole book an air of being a family history. Mr. Phillpotts holds the balance between comedy and tragedy very cleverly, and although his method of telling a tale enables us, after reading half a dozen, to forecast the end of the next, there is enough charm in the leisurely, clean, quaint language to carry the reader from page to page. Particularly do we thank the author for a minimum of footnotes, and some phrases, such as "strolls and lairs for sheep and cattle", are worth remembering. If we are ever to get a national drama of the soil, might it not come from Mr. Phillpotts and Dartmoor, as "The Playboy" came from J. M. Synge and Ireland?

"Early-Victorian: a Village Chronicle." By S. G. Tallentyre. London: Smith, Elder. 1910. 6s.

Miss Tallentyre has essayed a difficult task and has achieved it with no inconsiderable measure of success. She has sought to present with something of the feeling of romance a circle belonging to a period regarded by common consent as the very opposite of romantic; to do, indeed, something of that which was achieved by Mary Russell Mitford in her village sketches and by Mrs. Gaskell in "Cranford". In the connectedness of its parts, "Early-Victorian" is more like the work of Mrs. Gaskell than that of Miss Mitford, and also in the fact that it is mainly with the better-class people of the chosen village with which the chronicler is concerned. It is a quiet, uneventful chronicle—despite a wedding-day elopement—the incidents being for the most part spiritual rather than physical. Miss Tallentyre shows us a young squire—a selfish fellow for whom it is difficult not to have a liking—and his young wife, a woman who is the creature of her age yet one in whom we seem to see the foreshadowing of the age to follow. When the new squire—little Tommy Latimer—shall in due course come into his own we feel that he will be a better man than his father, thanks to his inheritance

(Continued on page 400.)

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from his mother. It is not, however, with the squire folk that we are wholly entertained here; there is the wonderful old soldier turned clergyman—a little reminiscent of one William Dobbin of "Vanity Fair" perhaps—there are old Dr. Bent and his wife, and there is the all-important young doctor. In indicating the relations of the various characters the author shows tenderness of feeling and a command of simplicity. The whole book is a clever study of a past day which Miss Tallentyre neatly contrasts with the present one in the words: "Patience to endure was the besetting virtue of that age, as impatience to reform is the besetting virtue of this." Were cigarettes smoked in England in 1837? and does the Spaniard call them "cigarritos"?

"The Hour and the Woman." By Constance Nicklin. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

"Laura had fixed her hope on such a commonplace destiny, and yet that destiny was not to be hers. Small wonder that at times her heart overflowed with rancour and bitterness. To see what was for her the very heart of existence offered to others, and by them passed carelessly by, roused in her a malice which worked its poison into her whole life." Such is the heroine of Miss Nicklin's story. Laura, the daughter of a provincial solicitor's clerk, has set her mind on marriage—it does not seem to matter much with whom so long as it be marriage—only to be baulked again and again, and for the reader to be left at the finish of the book in a state of doubt as to whether she attained her end or not. Truth to tell, we are not sufficiently interested in the young woman to have any keen desire to know or even to care whatever her subsequent fate may have been. The story is intended to be a study of baulked desire; as a study it is unconvincing, as a story it is dull.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Valley of Aosta." By Felice Ferrero. New York and London: Putnam's Sons. 1910.

Mr. Ferrero is an enthusiast. There is in consequence a certain pleasure in reading his book which makes us easily forgive a few Americanisms and strange words such as "spendthriftiness", and curious historical slips such as the statement that Berthier marched his men under the fort of Bard "exposed to the fire of its guns and rifles". The Valley of Aosta is indeed so rich in natural beauty and historical association that it quite well deserves a volume to itself. The author in his enthusiasm rather seems to forget the very high claims of Provence, its theatres, its temples, its aqueduct, and its arches, when he says that the Aosta Valley possesses "the best Roman ruins outside of Rome and Pompeii". But nevertheless its Roman remains are remarkable enough, and perhaps nowhere else do these relics appear so impressive as here, where they penetrate the very heart of the Alps. There are also many mediæval ruins well worth inspection, and the Manor-house of Issogne, which was restored and appropriately furnished by Vittorio Avondo, of Turin, and then patriotically handed over to the State, is worthy to rank among the most interesting domestic structures of the Renaissance. The valleys that radiate from the Val d'Aosta, Val Savaranche, the Valley of Cogne, the Valpelline, and others all terminate beneath superb peaks, among which are Mt. Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Grand Paradis, and others hardly less famous. In the Cogne Valley are to be found the last survivors of the ibex, fortunately preserved strictly. Mr. Ferrero's chapter on mountaineering is the least satisfactory though he writes with sympathy of the local guides and priests, many of whom are equal to guides in their mountain craft. Any climbers who were privileged to know Emil Rey of Courmayeur will be glad to read the evidently sincere eulogy of that great guide and perfect gentleman. Englishmen should take a special interest in Aosta as the birthplace of Anselm, as to whom and his family the author might with advantage say more. The book is excellently illustrated, and there are good maps.

"The Origins of Popular Superstitions and Customs." By T. Sharper Knowlson. London: Laurie. 1910. 6s. net.

This book, which the author tells us is largely based upon Brand's "Popular Antiquities", produced in 1841, deals, in its 235 pages, with some seventy-six superstitions and customs. Perhaps the number of the subjects treated may well account for a certain scrappiness observable in the treatment. Though many of the writer's criticisms are shrewd and reasonable, he frequently leaves off just when he is becoming

interesting; still, the ordinary reader will learn many things about old-world ideas. The reference on page 52 to the Sixth Council of Constantinople of A.D. 680 should rather be to the 65th Canon of the Council in Trullo of 692. The author of "The Discovery of Witchcraft", quoted on page 109, is Reginald Scot, not Scott.

"Sketches by Box", in 2 vols., and "The Adventures of Oliver Twist", in 1 vol. (London: Chapman and Hall, 3s. 6d. per vol.), are the first batch of the reissue, to be continued at the rate of three volumes a month, and known as the Centenary Edition of the works of Charles Dickens, who was born in 1812. The volumes will contain the prefaces, dedications, notices and illustrations of the originals; the type will be large, the paper and the binding good. The edition, even in these days of cheap reprints, is certainly extraordinary value, and will no doubt find a ready and appreciative market.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Septembre.

M. René Pinon has an excellent paper on Seneca's administration when acting as Nero's Minister. If it contains nothing very new, the article is at least suggestive and judicial in tone; but though he may palliate he cannot excuse the acquiescence of the philosopher in the murders of Britannicus and Agrippina. It is quite true that if Nero's half-brother had lived the consequence might have been civil war, and M. Pinon is probably right in thinking that he was a greatly overrated person, "perhaps epileptic or hypochondriacal" (what is the authority for this?), and Seneca might well endure his disappearance with equanimity. As to Agrippina, her record was an abominable one, and, though he did not approve of matricide, he might well reflect that it was a less odious crime than it might have been in other circumstances. Unfortunately the result was disastrous, and Nero afterwards fell completely under the influence of the most vicious of his friends, and experimented further in crime, if that were possible. In advancing reasons of State to excuse Nero, Seneca sacrificed his own character, and did not prove a far-seeing statesman. M. Charnes, in a gravely worded and judicious article, evidently thinks that the Pope has made a great mistake in reducing the age at which children should receive their first Communion.

For this Week's Books see pages 402 and 404.

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Continued on page 404.

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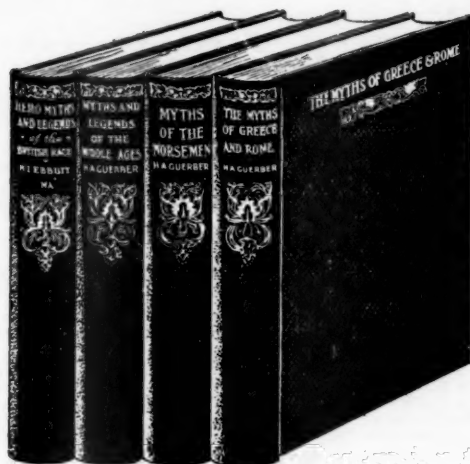
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